

Our Christmas Number

devotes much of its space to the Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief in anticipation of its Christmas appeal, soon to follow. Read the memories of the past of some of its pensioners, which begin on page 524.

As a help to the Christmas gift-seeker we are also giving the new books more space than usual in our regular department and add an article for parents seeking gifts. It begins on page 539.

H. Roy Philippi is a home missionary in Montana; Russell J. Clinchy is pastor of the Mt. Pleasant Church in Washington, D. C., and member of the Council for Social Action, Albert D. Stauffacher pastor of the Congregational Church in Claremont, California, and George E. Mitchell pastor of the First Church in Emporia, Kansas. The brothers Sherwood and Brewer Eddy have been studying conditions in Europe and working with students in the Far East. John E. Merrill is President of Aleppo College, Aleppo, Syria. Frank L. Huntley is professor of English in Doshisha University, Kyoto, Japan. Bessie L. Doherty is one of the staff of the Boston Public Library.

Editorial Staff

Enoch F. Bell, *Editor*

(14 Beacon St., Boston)

John R. Scotford, *Associate Editor*

(287 Fourth Ave., New York)

Grace H. Knapp, *Editorial Assistant*

All Rights Reserved
The American Board,
HARVEY L. MEEKEN, *Agent*
14 Beacon St., Boston

Subscription price \$1.25 a year for single subscriptions; for clubs of five \$1.00 a year for each member.

Canadian and Foreign Subscriptions \$1.61 per year or in clubs \$1.36.

Published monthly and entered as second-class mail matter at the Post Office, Boston, Mass.
Accepted for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103,
Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 21, 1918

The Missionary Herald

At Home and Abroad

Representing the Home and Foreign Boards of the
Congregational and Christian Churches
Continuing the *American Missionary* and the
Missionary Herald

Vol. CXXX

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 12

CONTENTS

COVER. Facing Mecca on a Sand Dune in the Sahara. Publishers' Photo Service.

ARTICLES

A United Christmas. By H. Roy Philippi	507
Our Newest Adventure. By Russell J. Clinchy	509
The Christmas Fund. By the Congregational Board of Ministerial Relief	512
Oxford Group—Local Church. By Albert D. Stauffacher	514
China by Airplane. By Sherwood Eddy	518
"How Far to Bethlehem?" Service by Mrs. Lemuel Kilby	522
Church of the Martyrs, Aleppo. By John E. Merrill	523
"The Happiest Christmas I Ever Had." Reminiscences by Pensioners of the Board of Ministerial Relief	524
A Christmas in Japan	530
The Garden of a Single Light. Play by Frank L. Huntley	531
The Mid-West Regional Meeting. By George E. Mitchell	533
Centennial of Medical Missions	534
Program Pointers for the Pilgrim Fellowship. By Harry T. Stock	535
A Soldier in Science	536
Book Magic. By Bessie L. Doherty	539

WANDERINGS AND WONDERINGS. By John R. Scotford	516
CAMERA NEWS. By Dorothy P. Cushing	521
SECRETARIAL SIDELIGHTS. By John R. Scotford	536
HERALDINGS	537
BOOK CHAT	540
THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER	544
PERSONALS	548
IN MEMORIAM	548
CHRONICLE	550



Photo by H. Armstrong Roberts

A United Christmas

By H. Roy Phillipi

Our pastor at Baker, Montana, tells of the more inclusive Christmas festivities which have been possible since the merger of the Congregational and Methodist churches in that town

CHRISTMAS is approaching in a small Montana town. Storms howl and temperatures sink on down and down till the mercury approaches the bottom of the tube, but the warmth and glow of the Christmas spirit is in the hearts of the people. All are anxious that everyone should have sufficient food and clothing at this festive time.

Winter on the Northwestern plains is not a time to hibernate. In this town of a thousand souls the days are short and the nights long, the snows are not very deep and the winter blasts blow hard and raw, yet there is the will to be happy. Christmas brings us a matchless opportunity to rejoice. Outdoor sports, such as sledding and skiing on the buttes, skating and sliding on the lake, and hiking in the Badlands, all contribute to develop a hardy, healthy, happy people. Those who live against broad horizons are usually generous.

Before the union of the churches each organization in the town carried on its own charities independently. A survey made several years ago indicated that some families were receiving several Christmas donations while others even more needy were getting nothing. The family of a notorious drunkard would have more than could be used while other more worthy people

would go hungry. The answer to this problem is the Christmas Cheer Committee.

Early in December the minister of the Community Church invites the various local service, religious, and fraternal bodies to appoint their representatives on the Christmas Cheer Committee. Each organization may participate in the work by naming a representative and by making a donation to the budget.

The Christmas Cheer Committee meets two weeks before Christmas when its members make

a survey of all needy people. The size of each family is taken into consideration as well as its needs. The minister of the community church is chairman of the committee. The committee also determines the size and contents of the baskets, of which we distributed fifteen last year. The average basket contained 1 chicken, 15 pounds of potatoes, 1 bunch of celery, 5 pounds of sugar, 1½ pounds of cranberries, 1 pound of coffee, 1 large



can of string beans, 1 pound of butter, 2 loaves of bread, lard, milk, nuts and candy for the children. Some contained jelly and a sack of flour. These baskets are delivered by the grocer with no name enclosed other than the Christmas Cheer Committee. The system has worked for seven years. No family is overlooked yet there is no duplication. Each basket is a substantial gift. By maintaining secrecy the danger of pauperization is diminished. The Christmas Cheer Committee can give where no other charity would be welcome.

Christmas week brings a series of programs. The High School department and Junior department of the church school each have their night

of festivity. The Christmas tree on Christmas Eve is given over to the little people of the Beginners and Primary departments. This is a great community gathering sponsored by the church school. Santa is always there and amply rewards all good boys and girls.

One year Christmas found the town in the grip of an epidemic of scarlet fever. The health officers prohibited any assembly of the public. Should the children go without the cheer of Santa and the Christmas tree? The minister had an idea. Why not have a traveling Christmas tree? He enlisted the local electrician and several men of the church who fitted up a sled with the tree. Automobile headlight bulbs were dipped in various colors, connected with a storage battery and mounted on the tree. Santa became enthusiastic and consented to give us extra time by riding on our sled from house to house up one street and down the other. Four boys went along and distributed the boxes to the homes of the chil-

dren. Particular notice was taken of the sick and shut-in members of the church school. The story of that Christmas tree is still repeated at Christmas time although it actually happened several years ago.

Christmas Eve is not complete without caroling. After the tree at the church community hall, parties are organized to cover the town. With song sheets, flashlights and happy hearts they go from house to house with their songs of Christmas cheer. They visit the hospitals, hotels, homes, particularly those of the shut-ins and the sick. Sometimes they are invited in and always they are greeted with a word of cheer. A little before midnight the tired but happy parties assemble at a central point to sing "Holy Night" and then break up.

How about the weather? Well, what of it? The thermometer may be hiding far below zero, but the Christmas spirit rejoices in the opportunity of expressing spiritual joy.

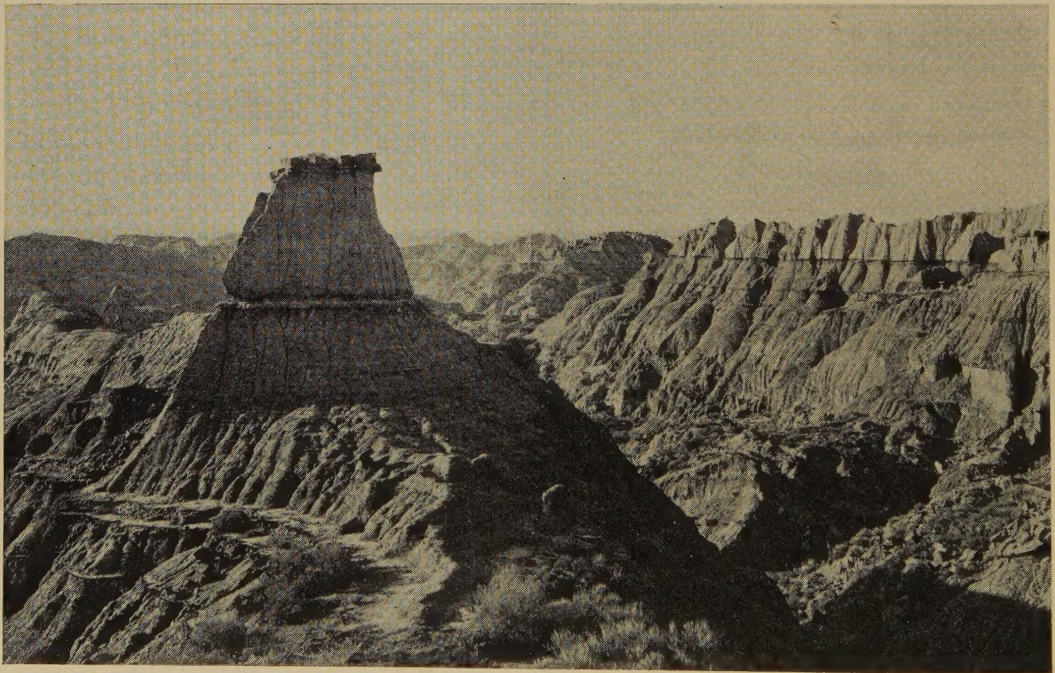


Photo by K. D. Swan. Courtesy U. S. Forest Service.

BAD LANDS, MONTANA, NEAR BAKER

Our Newest Adventure

By **Russell J. Clinchy**

THE minister who was President of the Northern Baptist Convention last year said recently that we have taken the greatest forward step ever made by any denomination in our generation in the organization of the Council for Social Action.

What is this which we have done, and which has not only brought forth this comment, but has stirred the thinking and imagination of the whole religious world?

Suppose we should go back for an analogy of it to the time when a new missionary consciousness was beginning, a little over a hundred years ago. There had always been missionaries and missions; Paul had been the first one.

After waning interest, toward the close of the eighteenth century, there began to grow underneath the exterior of the religious life of the New England churches the conviction that the gospel should be extended to all people. Finally, the consciousness of a group of people demanded an agency of expression for their conviction, and in 1810 the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions was organized. That was the first foreign mission board on the American continent, and from it grew the whole modern movement of foreign missions.

When the American Board was formed it could not have been said that all the people in all the churches desired such a program of work. What was true was that there were many who had—to use a Quaker term—a “concern” upon their minds and hearts for the extension of the gospel into wider fields. Through their efforts and work an agency was created which would give expression to their concern, and make it practical and effective. But it was not set up from the outside, nor set down upon the churches. The people of the churches sensed a spirit of life and created a body for it.

That endeavor, which we now all understand and appreciate, is the counterpart of the thought

and plan behind the creation of the Council for Social Action. There has been, and there is, a growing consciousness of what I would like to call the “family” implications of religion. We sometimes use the word “social,” but social is not just exactly what we mean. The attitude which is developing concerns something that is warmer, more intimate, and of more religious intent than the present use of the word “social” implies. It is in a very real sense the family implications of religion with which we are dealing, the growing consciousness that mankind is a family, that only family considerations can adequately serve us.

A Humanity Inspired by the Family Spirit

There is now this desire among many people that religion should definitely and practically reach out beyond what used to be called naïvely “the individual gospel.” And yet, the church has always reached out beyond “the simple gospel.” There has never been a moment in modern religion when the church has not reached out and hit both the liquor traffic and vice, and hit them hard. A great host now sees that intemperance and lust have many ramifications. An increasing number of Christian men and women is deciding that, if Christianity is to mean anything, it must meet the whole of life rather than small individual areas. These people are realizing that far more harm can be done to life through a man drunk with power than through one drunk with liquor; and that lust for money is as ugly and evil an attitude of life as any other of lust.

These are but the negative sides. The positive forms of Christian conviction instil far greater enthusiasm and stimulation. The Christian church is seeing today as never before the necessity and the worth of a humanity which would be motivated and inspired by the family spirit. This is not something new. The church has always recognized it in limited areas. It has supported charities so that some people should not go hungry. But now we understand that these sporadic, hit and miss, attempts are not adequate or

practical in a world in which the whole economic order is maladjusted and out of gear. You and I were born into a world in which our social systems had been both built, and wrecked, by the idea that individuals could do as they wished; with no denial of liberty to those who succeeded, but with all loss of liberty to those who failed. We now see that there is only one thing that can save us, and that is the extension of the family spirit in a universal sense.

That is what was in the minds of the men and women who constituted the General Council at Oberlin in June when they made an adventure which they described in this way—"Stirred by the deep need of humanity for justice, security, spiritual freedom and growth, aware of the urgent need within our churches for action to match our gospel, and clearly persuaded that the Gospel of Jesus can be the solvent of social as well as all other problems, we hereby vote that the General Council create the Council for Social Action. The purposes of this Council shall be to help the churches make the Christian gospel more effective in society through research, education and action, in coöperation with the Home and Foreign Boards, the Conferences and the local churches."

By this action our churches announced publicly, for the first time in Christian history, that the task of creating a Christian consciousness in the social and economic areas of life is as much a part of the work of the church as is the program of foreign and home missions, though the three are a whole. This is its essential nature.

Majority Bewildered as to Program

To secure the understanding and support of the churches, the program must begin at the place where the vast majority of the people of our churches now find themselves. They are men and women who have a sincere concern about the welfare of the social order, but are bewildered as to what method to use, and what program to adopt, which can really be called Christian. On each side of this vast majority are two minor groups. One consists of the rampant radicals, who have constructed their own penances, and are determined that the church shall accept their

own special social theory. The other is the group which is determined to resist any form of social progress. The program and appeal of the Council is one which must be made to the vast majority of us who refuse to be placed within either of these extreme groups. But it must begin where we are. The great difficulty in making Christian social progress in the churches has been that plans have been set up for our Celestial Cities, or our Kingdoms of God on earth, and then it has been demanded that the church people immediately move into them. There has been a failure to perceive that it is the journey from where we are to where we want to go, which is the important factor in progress.

Four Tracks in Christian Progress

In a recent letter, Dr. Gaius Glenn Atkins described very clearly, and distinctly both the situation and the task of the Council. He said that there are four tracks which must be used in all Christian progress. There is the first track of the prophets, those seers who lift up their voices like trumpets, and speak of the will of God. On the second track are found the idealists, the young men who dream dreams, and the old men who see visions, of shining cities of God on earth. The third track carries the sociologists, economists, and other scientists, who try to seek out controlling facts and laws concerning social progress. The last track carries the heaviest traffic, the men and women of practical affairs who are finally convinced of the practicality of the Christian program and see it as a going concern of life.

The task is to get traffic moving on all four tracks. It has been moving mainly on the first and second, the prophets and the idealists. The Council for Social Action is an opportunity to get more traffic started in the areas of the scientific fact-finders and interpreters, and, above all, in the areas of the great numbers of men and women who desire progress in practical and definite ways. The Christian program and Christian spirit can not progress definitely and powerfully until all four of these groups are working harmoniously, and with common objectives and understandings. The Council for Social Action opens the gates of such an opportunity.

These Items Need Emphasizing

It is very important, right now, to make some statements which will very definitely interpret and define the plan and scope of the Council as it relates to the individual churches.

1. The Council must be recognized as the agency and servant of the Churches, and not as their master. There is a fear in some quarters that the Council has some relation to some particular social theories, or some particular political party. It must be stated clearly and definitely that it is not so. It must be an agency as the mission boards are agencies. This does not mean that the Council can not use its resources in terms of leadership, any more than one would say that the mission boards could not act as leaders in the development of new horizons in missions. But its main function is to be the servant of the churches so that the churches can have intelligent information, and can move forward upon that.

2. It must interpret its existence and program in coördination with the work of the Foreign and Home Mission boards. These boards are agencies of the churches for the extension of the Christian mind and spirit in very definite areas of life. When we read the Laymen's Report on Foreign Missions, and recognize that it is really a description of what our Foreign Board is now doing, we are thrilled and inspired by the possession of such an agency. That is also true of the widespread work of our Home Boards, as they are intelligently and ably leading the new advance in Home Missions, and interpreting what will be the Home Missions of the future. The Council for Social Action finds its foundations already built in the program and work of our mission boards, and its greatest opportunity will be to work through the channels which these boards provide. This added work should now stimulate a vast amount of new support for all our able agencies, and that must begin at once.

3. This effort must be a common enterprise, and not a divisive factor. We have long rejoiced over the fact that there has been no Fundamentalist-Modernist controversy over theology in

the Congregational churches. There must be none over social theories. The Council is agreed that the Christian spirit must precede the Christian program, and it knows that where the Christian spirit is present an intelligent body of Christians can reach Christian conclusions.

4. We are definitely dedicated in the work of this Council to the methods of persuasion, and not of coercion, or force. There is a small but vocal minority which may dispute this, but it does not speak for the Council. Certainly it is true that our people stand squarely upon the faith of Jesus that men and women can be changed and redeemed by the persuasion of education and religion. This does not mean that there are to be no green and red lights on the highway of modern social progress, which will create more liberty instead of less; but it does mean that we maintain our fundamental faith in the final powers of the heart and of the mind. We will not surrender to the fatalism which cries out that spiritual power is impotent, and social progress must be made by force. It is the *Christian Century*, in its recent editorial on the Council, which says that we must keep in mind the educability of church people. "Before God," it says, "these men have never had a chance!"

5. The last thing we need to remember is that the pace, the progress, and the success of the Council for Social Action depend upon the perception of our church people concerning the unique adventure they have made; upon the willingness of our people to discern the signs of the times which proclaim that we are at a moment of history which may turn us into another Dark Age of disaster and night, or to the beginning of that time for which men have always longed and which will become the Golden Age; upon the devotion, the willingness and the determination of our church people to use the American Board, the Home Boards and the Council for Social Action to the fullness of their possibilities to be the servants of our will that the Kingdom of God shall come on earth. Such perception, such consecration, and such determination, will be the new adventure of the Church of Christ.



The Christmas Fund

*Add to godliness
brotherly kindness
and to brotherly kindness,
love*



IN that exquisite story of the Good Samaritan there is one verse which throws a flood of light on the character of the man our Lord is portraying:

"And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two shillings and gave them to the host, and said unto him, take care of him; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee."

What a comment on the integrity of this Samaritan merchant! Nothing was left to chance. He had begun the job; it must be finished. He might so easily have felt that he had done his duty by the wounded man and now someone else could do his share—the man must have friends who would come to his assistance. But, no, not only was the night's care paid for and the immediate future assured, but "whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee." There the story is left, to be for all time the symbol of the true neighbor—brotherly kindness added to godliness.

As the time comes around once more for the raising of the Christmas Fund of the Board of Ministerial Relief, one's thought goes back to this story of the Good Samaritan. The Congregational and Christian churches recognize their obligation to the aged, the disabled, the widow

and the fatherless among our ministry by apportioning a certain amount of the general benevolences for their benefit. Owing to the decreased giving of our church members, however, during the last two years this obligation has meant providing little except the merest necessities of food, shelter and clothing and in many, many cases not even that. The average regular grants of the Board have dropped from \$329 to a minister (usually married) and \$258 to a widow in 1929 to \$262 to a minister and \$206 to a widow in 1933.

"My son who heretofore has been able to help a little has lost his ranch," writes a retired minister in his seventy-fifth year, "and is hopelessly in debt, so that now we have nothing but the grant of the Boards." "On account of my wife's illness," writes another, "I shall be compelled to borrow \$15 for my December first bills; but I figure that if the Christmas check is as large as last year it will cover this and the fuel bill for the winter. So we are living by faith and giving no place to worry."

It is the Christmas Fund which adds to the godly but meager provision for these veterans of the Cross—the brotherly kindness which expresses the true neighborliness of our fellow-

ship to those who have been wounded in the battle of life. In 1933 a Christmas Day remembrance was sent to every pensioner of the national and state Boards and to seventy other families suffering from special misfortunes. In addition sufficient was retained in an Emergency Fund so that during the year crises of distress could be met, help given to ministers who were unemployed, and enough added to quarterly pension payments to avoid further reduction in the regular grants.

"I did not know a man of eighty-five could experience so much real Christmas delight," wrote a minister last year. "The check came yesterday and I cashed it with Christmas joy in my heart. God bless the givers who found joy in making the hearts of the aged and infirm young again." "We cannot use our check for Christmas luxuries," said another letter, "for it must help with the stern necessities of daily life. But Christmas has been much happier for us because we have this much more to help carry the load." "The wonderful gift made possible a Merry Christmas," wrote the mother of three fatherless boys. "The boys had new clothing and shoes, and I was happy in being able to pay some back bills."

A Check that Did Double Duty

A check for \$50 from the Emergency Fund had an interesting history. It was sent in October to a retired minister in Kansas, who had had to

undergo a serious operation. Owing to lack of funds he had chosen, at the sacrifice of comfort, to take a bed in the ward of the hospital of the State Medical College, where the charge was small with no fee for the services of the best surgeon. "It seems like a nightmare," he wrote, "for many of the other men in the ward were vulgar and profane; but it is over and I am back home. Now here is the surprising thing. I had but little money on hand when I went to the hospital; but when I got home I found that after paying my hospital bill I had more than when I went in. Providence seemed to keep me in mind, and money came from various sources. I have paid the coal and insurance bills and have enough for present needs; so I return the Relief check for someone else in distress. It seems like a miracle."

In the same mail came a letter from the fatherless daughter of a Congregational minister, living with her mother and sister in northern New York. "We have no coal at all," she wrote, "and do not know what to do. We have been gathering wood from around the neighborhood and making a fire in the evening; but there is no more wood left and we can't order coal on time payments because we still owe them from last winter. Even if they would deliver it, I do not see how we could ever pay for it."

The generous action of the first writer, to whom a miracle happened because of his own goodness and friendliness of heart combined with



*On the blessed
birthday of our
Saviour let us be
sure that those
who have served
him faithfully shall
be remembered*



an independent spirit that would not accept hospital comforts beyond his means, made it possible to pass on the "miracle" to the little household in New York State. Five dollars was sent back to the writer as a token of fellowship and \$45 went to prove to the widowed mother and her two young daughters that brotherly love was added to godliness.

The Fuel Question

One of the gravest problems in the homes which make up the "family" of the Boards of Relief is that of winter fuel. The regular quarterly check of October first must be carefully portioned out for the grocer, the butcher and probably the druggist, for as age creeps on medicines and medical care are a constant expense. Then comes the staggering question of fuel, the answer to which in scores of homes can only be given by extra help from the Christmas and Emergency Funds.

A minister in Maine, for instance, was obliged to retire on account of severe deafness. A small disability annuity from the Annuity Fund supplemented by a tiny grant from the Board of Relief now make up his income. In September he wrote: "We are up against it when we face cold weather. I have ordered no coal, for I see little chance of paying for it. Last winter we had two teachers to board, and that helped out. We expected to have them again, but our rooms are not very warm and they went where they could be more comfortable." A check from the Emergency Fund enabled him to order part of his coal. Will the Christmas Fund check keep them comfortable for the rest of the winter?

These are but a few of the hundreds of homes that would be without the ordinary comforts of life if it were not for the Christmas Fund. It puts into almost daily practice the New Testament admonition: "Add . . . to godliness, brotherly kindness and to brotherly kindness, love."

Oxford Group — Local Church

By Albert Daniel Stauffacher

THE Oxford Group Movement is a living thing and as such cannot be easily defined. Neither its roots nor its trunk, branches and leaves, nor its first fruits are an adequate expression of what it is. Like all growing things it overflows all definitions, and it is not to be fully understood within any classification and labeling. Essentially, however, it is a method of procedure within the field of religion for setting life free *from* various complexes, limitations, barriers, fears and defeats, and free *for* positive, integrated and socialized living. Its distinctive value is that it not alone releases life *from* limiting conditions of one kind and another, but that it also releases life *for* enriched and empowered service.

The principles of the Movement call for a high order of discipline and practice. Much is expected of human nature and most of the things

for which the Movement is criticized are occasioned by the loftiness of its ideals. It is a form of evangelism, and like all evangelisms whether in the field of religion, politics, economics or education, it does not always attain its aim fully in and for the individual. This, however, is no more to its discredit than it is to the discredit of any other form of religious activity that it always falls short of its ideal, or that it is to the discredit of any other form of human help that it does not succeed fully in every case.

Dangers in "Guidance"?

The practices of the Movement operate on the vital organs of the spiritual life, and consequently these practices are attended with dangers. Two things should be kept in mind however in this connection. On the one hand the use of the Oxford Group technique is not fraught

with as great danger to the individual as is involved in doing nothing about one's self-defeating habits and ways of life. On the other hand the dangers are largely due to a partial use of the technique. When the principles are followed out fully the dangers are greatly reduced. Many people sense danger in the principal of "guidance." The danger involved appears only when the individual fails to use the checks upon guidance that the Oxford Group Movement provides. "Guidance" is to be checked, first, by the four absolutes, then by all that one knows of the spirit and teachings of Jesus, and finally, if the individual is still not fully satisfied, by other Groupers. Now a "guidance" that meets the test of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love, that is measured by the highest one knows of the spirit of Jesus, that is concurred in by the most enlightened judgment of a group of devoted friends, is no longer a mere hunch, nor a ouija board stunt, nor a neurotic flight of the imagination. It has rather taken on the quality of a divine judgment, and is likely to be as trustworthy a guide to conduct as any that is within the reach of the average individual.

Dangers in "Sharing" and Introspection

Again there are those who sense great danger in the principle of "sharing." It is true there are dangers involved here, but they inhere largely in a failure to distinguish between sharing and witnessing. One is required to share all of one's life fully and deeply only with one other person in whom one has complete confidence. When that is over and the new life has emerged then one is to witness publicly to the new-found values, joy and power. Sharing fully and deeply with one other person has no more dangers than the confessional or the friendly confidences in other directions. Sharing in public and witnessing are to be done only under guidance, carefully checked as indicated above, and when so done dangers are reduced to a minimum.

Once more, there are those who see great danger in the Oxford Group Movement in that it is introspective and does not sufficiently emphasize the social side of religious experience. This criticism loses its thrust when we keep in mind the

complete technique. True Oxford Group Movement practice does not so much encourage morbid introspection as it does the opposite. The true Grouper faces his life as it is, frankly and fully, and then applies a technique which removes all morbid introspection and transforms weaknesses into assets. As to the Oxford Group Movement failing to be social two things are to be noted.

What It Sets Out to Do

First, the Movement sets out to do a specific thing, namely, to release life from certain limitations and set it free for real socialized living. It places the emphasis it does upon individual religion, not because it is not interested in the social expression but because it conceives its particular contribution to life to be the preparation of the individual for real social living. Next, the Movement recognizes that no amount of shifting in social and political patterns of thought and forms of organization will cure the world's disease until individuals who constitute the units of society are themselves committed and empowered to a way of life that is honest, pure, unselfish and loving. It clearly envisions a changed world guided and controlled by good-will and truth, and it conceives its task to be the preparation of individuals to live and govern such a quality of social life.

These answers to objections raised to the Oxford Group Movement principles and practice carry a very significant implication for all leaders of religious life. They make vivid the need for the careful nurture and education of the people who enter upon this way of life. The initial discovery of and surrender to this way of living is but the beginning of the enterprise. Unless that first enthusiasm is carefully nurtured into a wise use of the total technique, and a constructive expression in private and social life of the values gained, the enterprise is fraught with danger and failure. The Oxford Group Movement as lived in a traveling team or at a house-party is a very different thing from the Oxford Group Movement lived out in the humdrum of daily existence in the schoolroom, the store, the factory and the home. In the former case there is the constant challenge of new audiences, interviews and en-

vironment. In the latter case these things are lacking and only the inner fires are there to keep the radiance glowing. Therefore in the local community there is the greater need for careful nurture, discipline and encouragement.

What Should the Local Church Do?

First, the church should rejoice with all who through the Oxford Group Movement find a new quality of life, a new meaning in religion, and a new interest in living. Because their way is not our way is no reason why we should not welcome the Oxford Group Movement people heartily to our fellowship and life when they come radiant with the discovery of a way of life that to them is new and beautiful and good.

Second, the church should encourage the growth and expression of this Movement within its own borders. This does not mean that the church should become an Oxford Group Movement church. It does mean however that the church should gladly provide every possible opportunity for those who find a new quality of religious life in the Movement, to nurture and express that life within the bounds and activities of the church fellowship and life.

Third, the church should give itself to a clear understanding of the aims and methods of the

Movement, and the minister in particular should prepare himself to give constructive leadership to the Movement to the end that those who enter upon its way of life may grow into a full realization of all its promises. The fact that so many Groupers are church members of long standing who failed to find in the church the quality of life that now rejoices and challenges them, should compel every minister to examine carefully the quality and technique of his own life and ministry, and to match the new devotion of their lives with an application to his own of the tests and disciplines they have chosen.

These three things we have tried to do in the Claremont Church with the result, we believe, that the development of the Movement here has been wholesome, that the life of the church has been enriched with new quality through the active participation of the members of the Oxford Group Movement, and that the Movement has been helped through its intimate association with the life of the church. Without any "holier than thou" attitude in the leadership of either the Church or the Movement, and with a sincere effort on the part of each to understand and appropriate the best of the other, the Oxford Group Movement and the local Church inspire each other to good works and creative living.

➤ Wanderings and Wonderings ➤

Getting an ecclesiastical merger underway is an exceedingly difficult achievement, but once such a movement has been well started, it becomes well-nigh impossible to stop it. The ideal appeals to the popular imagination. The laity enjoy having "something happen" in a church. One step leads to another. The result is a momentum which can be almost irresistible. So has it been with the union of the Congregational and Christian churches. Although at times the delays

may have seemed long, as one looks back the progress is astonishing. In six years two groups of people who hardly knew each other have been united in one denomination. Outside of New England the local congregations have merged in practically every instance where this was at all desirable. Apparently people like to get together. During recent months some happy adjustments have been made in the South. When a sincere desire is present even the most compli-

cated of ecclesiastical arrangements can be un-
snarled. One wonders how far the momentum
of this merger may carry. The hope arises that
the experience which the Congregational and
Christian churches have acquired in this business
of getting together may be utilized in the engi-
neering of further unions with other denomina-
tions.

* * *

Every human being hankers for some sort of a
relationship with the Eternal. In its lowest form
this is a craving for a physical contact with God;
at its highest it is a desire to so spend our lives
that this world may be a different place because
we have been here. The ancients were satisfied
with spilling blood, which represented life, upon
a rock, which represented God. When the Ro-
man Catholic priest places a consecrated wafer
on the tongue of a believer the same end is at-
tained. Protestants seek for the consciousness of
God through the fellowship of the church. The
local congregation is one of the most permanent
institutions in which we have a part. Both the
achieved age and the "life expectancy" of most
churches far exceeds that of the ordinary in-
dividual. Part of the attractiveness of denomi-
nationalism has been that it enabled people to
participate in a movement which was small
enough to be comprehensible but which at the
same time had a long history behind it and an
outreach through much of the world. Yet as our
horizons broaden it becomes increasingly impos-
sible for men to gain this sense of God through
any movement which is limited by a sectarian
label and therefore disposed towards a partial
outlook on life. The appeal of denominational-
ism to the Christian imagination is about gone.
The oldest and deepest element in our Christian
faith is that known as Missions—which at its
best is the impulse to share our faith with others
in such a way as to transform this world into
that better land of which Jesus spoke. It goes
back to the day of Pentecost; it stretches forward
toward eternity. It starts in our own town and
reaches out to all the world. Its aim is the trans-
formation of the deeper motives by which men
live. Despite its comprehensiveness it expresses
itself in definite situations and through individ-

ual lives. The more intimate our participation in
this movement the keener will be our sense of
fellowship with God.

* * *

Speaking of mergers, the realignment of the
Negro colleges of Atlanta, Georgia, during re-
cent years has been most remarkable. Prior to
1929 there were five schools in the city offering
quite similar courses to Negro youth. It so hap-
pened that three of these institutions were lo-
cated within half a mile of each other and were
directed by presidents characterized by good
sense and friendly dispositions. Meeting in-
formally they hit upon a happy solution for
their competitive situation. Morehouse College
was a school for boys, Spelman College a school
for girls, while Atlanta University was coeduca-
tional. The proposal was that Atlanta University
should discontinue its undergraduate courses and
become a graduate school and that the other
two institutions should maintain their separate
identity but at the same time affiliate with the
University. A very simple agreement was drawn
up without outside help.

* * *

In 1929 the General Education Board had
already decided to erect a library to be available
to all of the Negro schools of Atlanta. This build-
ing was placed where the Morehouse and Spel-
man campuses adjoin and its management turned
over to the enlarged Atlanta University. From
other courses the funds were secured for a joint
administration building which houses the offi-
cers of all three schools. Morehouse and Spel-
man entered upon the common use of labora-
tories and scientific equipment with an almost
complete interchange of instruction during their
junior and senior years. Meanwhile another
Negro school, Moses Brown College, had lost
its former campus and buildings through fore-
closure and was granted the use of the old At-
lanta University equipment for a nominal rental,
and the Atlanta School of Social Work had
moved to the same hilltop. Thus is the snow-
ball rolling, and a great center for Negro educa-
tion coming into being in Atlanta.

China by Airplane



By Sherwood Eddy

THIS is the first time in my life that I have ever written an article in an airplane or taken part in an evangelistic campaign in which the transportation was so largely in the air. Three times this week we have had to fly—twice in the private plane of General and Madam Chiang Kai-shek provided by their generous courtesy. Both of them have taken the keenest interest in the campaign of the Youth and Religion Movement which is to be conducted throughout China including the sixteen cities which I am now visiting, together with my brother Brewer, at the invitation of the Chinese leaders. I shall soon have to fly by plane to the western province of Szechuan bordering on Thibet, as we have not two months to spare to go up the gorges of the Yangtze by boat. This airplane is typical of the fact that China is moving fast in more ways than one. Below us in sunshine and shadow is the winding, yellow Yangtze studded with picturesque sails, with clustering villages along its banks, in ever shifting scenes of surpassing beauty.

On arrival I made a rapid trip to the four strategic centers of the new China—Shanghai the financial capital, Nanking the political, Nanchang the military and Peking the cultural capital. General Chiang expressed the wish to see us before we began to address the youth in these sixteen cities at this critical time and kindly provided his own airplane so that we could see the Communist-ravaged province of Kiangsi which he has recently largely recaptured from the Red Armies.

In the last two days I have had two remark-

able interviews: one with the former Communist Field Marshal, General Kung, who captured the capital city Changsha and who has now turned fully and finally against Communism as the chief menace or millstone round the neck of China; and the second with that heroic missionary of the American Board, George Shepherd. No one would be more amazed than George to be called a hero, but if he is not such, then I never saw a hero in my life. He was surrounded by the Communists near our American Board station. Eight of his fellow missionaries, Catholic and Protestant, were killed and others seized and held for ransom. But George escaped and he has been invited by General and Madam Chiang Kai-shek and the National Christian Council of China to inaugurate a Christian program for the rehabilitation of this province of Kiangsi.

A Vast Forced Transition

In China today we are witnessing the stupendous process of 400,000,000 people, or one-fifth of the population of the world, in the midst of a vast forced transition from the ancient and medieval into the modern world. Yesterday I went through the old provincial capital of Nanchang with its narrow back alleys and handicrafts unchanged from the time of Christopher Columbus and its moral codes, customs and superstitions older than Confucius some twenty-four centuries ago. Then I passed into the broad modern streets, boulevards, parks, electric light plants, radio and wireless stations, airdromes and fortifications of this challengingly new military capital of China.

These modern paved streets are not only piercing China's ancient conservative cities but opening up broad highways of thought and modern civilization throughout what was once "changeless China."

Simultaneous Disintegration, Reconstruction

Two simultaneous processes are taking place in this ancient land. One is the disintegration of the old order which is visibly crumbling into decay and threatens China with banditry, civil war, foreign invasion, chaos and demoralization. Strangely enough, the countries which perhaps lead the world today in both corruption and crime are China and the United States (see the Wickersham Report, Vols. I to XII). America has her gangsters and graft and China her bandits and "squeeze," though China may still be a little backward at some points.

The second process in China is one of recreation and reconstruction. She has to build a whole new civilization under terrific pressure. The only question is, can she do it in time? Certainly I never saw before one-tenth of the splendid work that is now being done in economic and rural reconstruction in this tragic yet glorious country.

General Chiang is at last succeeding in uniting nearly all of China and is suppressing Communism and banditry in this province of Kiangsi over which I am now flying. During the last two days I have made a journey by automobile over some of the 2600 miles of new roads he has been building here through the areas recently recaptured from the Communists. The whole region was impoverished, stripped bare and hungry. The chickens, hogs and cattle were all gone. The former banks, wealth and prosperity of the province had been swept away in the Communist section. It reminded one of the devastated areas after the World War.

I had a thrilling interview with the former Communist Commander, General Kung Huchung. Poor and illiterate, he had entered the regular army as a boy of sixteen. He swallowed the propaganda that Communism was the panacea which alone could save China from her pov-

erty. As a young captain, converted upon conviction, he joined the Communist forces and rose rapidly as a commander of one of their six armies in Kiangsi and finally became a field marshal with 70,000 men under his command. He captured Changsha and almost seized Nanchang—two of the provincial capitals. He told me how they would seize the rich merchants and landlords and demand huge ransoms. They would first behead one or two as examples before these rich men to strike terror into the whole group and then demand their fortunes. He gave me the name of one man who brought in \$100,000 and was then permitted to flee. He himself had four million dollars as loot in his possession at one time for which he was responsible. Not a penny was wasted.

Communism's Failure Here

Like the rest, this Communist general received no salary whatever and all fought and worked with sacrifice and heroism. But Communism began to fail economically. After the rich had been destroyed or despoiled they had to turn to the middle and poorer peasants with an increasing burden of taxation. Any man who had ten dollars was counted a Kulak or a capitalist. Each worker had to provide three months' labor without pay. Goods became scarce and prices rose. Salt cost more than a dollar an ounce; and a foot of cotton cloth two dollars.

The first army to enter a district was often led by zealous young idealists, but others followed with barbarous cruelty. About one-third of the population in the counties they seized fled or starved or were killed. The general estimated that over 300,000 of the people in this province had perished. The whole province was impoverished. He finally left the movement. It was a nightmare, the worst menace of China, despite its ideal aims, its sacrificial service and its suppression of squeeze and corruption. Communism had been the natural revolt of youth against intolerable economic and moral conditions in the decaying civilization of old China. But it has been tried and has failed in this province of Kiangsi and elsewhere. They could socialize wealth in Soviet Russia but they could not

communize poverty in China with less than half an acre of arable land per capita.

General Chiang has with a terrific moral drive opened up roads through the Communist territory in this long backward and neglected province which had been fleeced by their own grafting officials. Himself a Christian, not only in name but by conviction, he and his wife were convinced that only dynamic and vital Christianity could furnish the motivation and the sustained sacrificial drive and consecration that would be necessary to take over the work of rural reconstruction, rehabilitation and education so desperately needed in this desolated province.

Christians Out-Thinking Communism

All turned to our devoted George Shepherd, missionary of the American Board, who had been driven away from the neighboring province of Fukien by the Communists. He has gathered a heroic band of Chinese Christian college graduates who are serving without salary like the Communists. If they can maintain their present manner of life these Christians will out-think the Communists, they will outlive them, they will outdie them. I found them living in a poor parsonage and church which had recently been occupied by the Communists. They were opening schools in the old temples and ancestral halls. The dust-covered and deserted idols were left deserted in the dark alcoves, and schools which were to change life and not merely ideas were buzzing in the old temples. This group of devoted workers have their economic experts on rural reconstruction, scientific agriculture, seed selection and the founding of coöperative societies. They will in time have aid for the farmers in the cultivation of wheat, rice, cotton and cottage industries. There I met, sent out by the league of Nations, an agricultural expert equipped with the gathered experience of Den-

mark in the great Christian movement for people's high schools and coöperative farming launched by the saintly Bishop Grundtwig a generation ago.

A Christlike Piece of Service

I was privileged to share the coarse food and humble fare of this devoted band of workers. I joined in their daily morning devotions before they scattered for the day over the countryside with good news for the poor and oppressed, healing for the sick, light for the blind and ignorant, and technical assistance for the impoverished farmers and workers. It is one of the most Christlike pieces of service I have ever seen in any land. I confess there were tears in my eyes as I joined in the grace at meals with this little apostolic group that had all things in common as they sang together in Chinese: "Now as we break bread let us give thanks to God. This bowl of rice cost bitter labor for the poor. It is given us by the grace of God and the sweat and blood of our comrades in toil. Let us receive it with reverence in the desire to serve our fellow men in return."

The passage read by the group at their morning devotions was about the broken body and shed blood of Christ and Him crucified. Their whole life seemed sacramental in the midst of human suffering. Like the group of Pentecost with its promise of a new humanity, through a new type of individual, a new group in fellowship furnishing a new environment and finally involving a new social order, this little flock in the Communist-stricken province of Kiangsi is the promise of a new China. Everywhere the old and the new are in deadly conflict in China. But the old order is doomed and must fall and the new will build the future. Let us pray: "Thy Kingdom come; thy will be done on earth"—in Kiangsi, in China, in America and the world!

CHINA TO JAPAN

Soon after the typhoon disaster in the Kwansei area, Japan, this cable "Christians in China send sympathy national disaster," was received by the National Christian Council of Japan.



Camera News



By Dorothy P. Cushing



BELIEVES IT PAYS TO ADVERTISE

Lanao Progress, the peppy, educational newspaper edited by Dr. Frank C. Laubach of Lanao, Philippine Islands, and his able associates had a booth built to advertise not only the paper but the Folk Schools where thousands are becoming literate.

NOT AN ACCIDENT

Just an ordinary scene at an out-station of Sachikela, West Africa, when Dr. Henry S. Hollenbeck drops in with medicine and skilled fingers. Little folks and big folks, children and granddads bring their aches and pains to the sympathetic physician.



DEVELOPING LOCAL INDUSTRIES

They make the looms and weave the wool at the Fenchow Bible School, North China, thus earning their way through school. The young man is Mr. Li, efficient teacher of this department.'

AND HERE HE IS HIMSELF!

He's the big one with the sun helmet! Dr. Hollenbeck and his smiling nurse wife, the former Jean Duncan MacDonald. In the center is Rev. Frank S. Tucker holding his daughter Anne. On the "horse" are two other Tuckers, Helen and Janet, and also Elaine Childs. Young Africa's name is not known to us.



"How Far to Bethlehem?"

By Mrs. Lemuel Kilby, Kansas

Preparatory Music: O Little Town of Bethlehem,
played through quietly two or three times.

Scripture: The Christmas Story—Luke 2: 8-20

Leader: The story that never grows old! The story that never loses its charm—its glow! We love it for its poetry, its music—the depth of its significance, and we do not let discussions as to its *literal* truth spoil it for us, nor blind us to that underlying significance. For so long have we loved it—for so many years, at this season, have we breathed its atmosphere, that it fairly lives for us. In imagination it is for us only a step back across the centuries to the night of the story, and we can easily see ourselves—yes, *feel* ourselves joining those other eager pilgrims hurrying to Bethlehem. Oh, of course we do not pretend to be accurate in details. My picture will not be just like yours, or yours just like any other person's. Yet somehow the inconsistencies are no barrier—imagination has a way of disposing of them. And so we find ourselves on the road to Bethlehem and we discover that *in imagination* Bethlehem is not far. And yet, though we make this imaginary pilgrimage each year, have we ever *really* gone to Bethlehem? Do we know how *far*, or how *near* it is? Let us listen to Molly Anderson Haley's story of two pilgrims who sought Bethlehem—perhaps it will help us:

(NOTE: The most effective way to use the following poem would be to dramatize it, so that the difference in the spirit of the two pilgrims will stand out clearly, and the real significance of the replies easily caught.)

"HOW FAR TO BETHLEHEM?"

How far to Bethlehem?
For I would be among the first to see
That strange new star in the Judean skies;
To seek and find the *new* is to be *wise*
And *wisdom* is a sacred quest with me—
How far to Bethlehem?

O, far, too far to find it, Pilgrim Soul,
As far as east from west, or pole to pole!

How far to Bethlehem?
For I would be among the first to kneel

Beside the little Christ, the cradled King;
My gold, all that I prize, I humbly bring
And bid Him use my gifts to help and heal—
How far to Bethlehem?

O, near, so near almost your eyes can trace
The smile that rests on Mary Mother's face!

MOLLY ANDERSON HALEY.

Leader: How far to Bethlehem? All the way from Pride to Humility—all the miles from Selfishness to Service—over all the barriers of Hate and Indifference to Love—across the great distance from discord to "Peace on earth, good will to men." How far to Bethlehem? All the many miles from *your* way and *my* way of *Daily Living* to that shining way of the Sermon on the Mount. All the long way from the injustice and cruelty and chaos of the present world order to the picture of the Kingdom of Love in the earth of Jesus! Truly a long way! Truly a difficult journey! Are we prepared to make it?

In a few moments of silent meditation and prayer let us honestly face ourselves and seek to discover whether we are sincere—prepared to pay the price of the journey—whether we have the faith and courage to be pilgrims of the Jesus way—whether we even have a real desire to find ourselves on the road to Bethlehem.

Silent meditation and prayer, closed by a prayer by the leader.

Hymn: First verse of "O, Come All Ye Faithful."

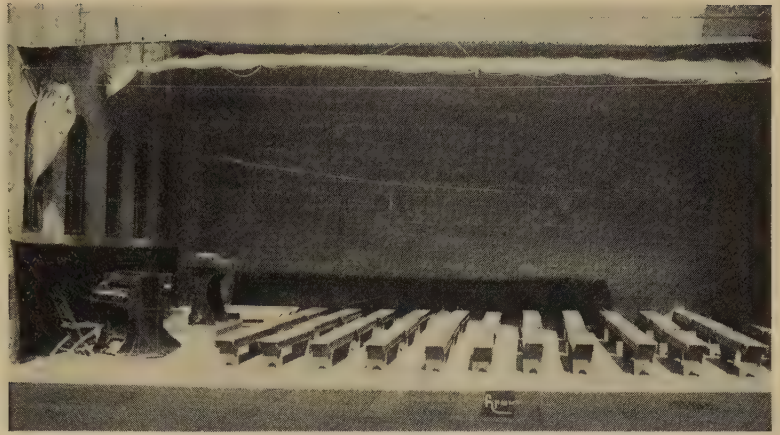
Leader: How *near* to Bethlehem? As near as the complete giving of ourselves to the way of life of the one whose birthplace it was!

Closing prayer in unison: (J. L. Hoyland)

O live in us this day,
Even in us;
Oh, clothe thyself, thy purpose, yet again
In human clay;
Work through our feebleness thy strength,
Work through our meanness thy nobility,
Work through our helpless poverty of soul
Thy grace, thy glory and thy love. Amen.

Church of the Martyrs, Aleppo

By John Ernest Merrill



THE CHURCH IN A COURT

This meeting place is like a deep, wide porch open on one side, but for the curtain, now rolled up.

THIS organization has been self-supporting from the beginning. It celebrated its third anniversary Sunday, September 23. The congregation meets, summer and winter, in the court of a house which contains no room large enough for it. In summer it moves from one side of the court to the other to keep in the shade, and sets the hour for afternoon preaching so that the shadow will be broad enough to envelope all. In winter the curtain is let down. The main refrain at the anniversary meeting was the obvious one: "We need a building."

In the picture of the church committee the men standing are in different lines of business: one has a large hardware store; another is a pedler of cloth; the third from the right is, and has been for years, foreman

of our College Press. Sitting at the right is a druggist. The woman at the left is his mother. Next to her is the editor of the bi-weekly paper of the Evangelical Union, who is also a member of our College Board of Managers. The minister is in the center, and next to him is a doctor whose father was pastor at Ourfa in the long ago, and was killed there in '95. The printer, the pharmacist, and the editor studied at Aintab, the minister and the doctor at Tarsus.

This church is the only one of which I know in Syria that has put the word "Congregational" into its name. This is to keep consciously alive the principle of democracy, as against a tendency toward church control by a few. It is also distinguished by the election of a woman upon its church committee.



THE CHURCH
COMMITTEE

The article tells something about each member. A very typical group of Armenians who heavily handicapped, have made good in a strange country.

"The Happiest Christmas I Ever Had"



By the Fireside

LISTEN now, you Rev. John Atherton! Wake up! Do you want me to decree there will be no more sitting by the fireplace if that is what it does to you?"

"Mary, I was musing, maybe dreaming of the long ago."

"Well, I'll forgive you if you tell me every bit about it."

"Come closer to me and place your head on my shoulder. I want to ask you a question. What was the happiest Christmas you can recall?"

"Tell me your musing and answer your own question."

"Mary, a man is getting old when he goes dreaming of trundle-bed days," he replied, leaning over closer to the flames, as if they held some mysteries that fascinated him. "Strange, strange indeed, how those memories so long past can seem like only yesterday."

A long silence as retrospection gripped these aged servants of God.

"Don't you think you could answer my question now about that happiest Christmas?" he asked again.

"We have had so many pleasant holiday seasons, how can I?" After a little: "Was there ever a happier girl than I when on that Christmas Day John gave me this ring?"

"And was there ever a prouder lover?" commented John.

"Yes, we went to our first church as bride and groom in the Christmas month. I never dreamed any man could make a woman so happy. Why, it was just before Christmas that the baby came, and he was such a darling. His father almost 'fell from grace' with his boasting pride. We were encouraged when other churches wanted John, for he liked to do hard things and had not yet known defeat. But we did not know all that it meant when his health failed—"

"Mary, Mary, please do not go on. Let me tell it. Tell that you, blessed little queen of heroines, have never been known once to be found wanting in coura-

The past lives again in these memories of yesterday by pensioners of the Board of Ministerial Relief

geous endeavor or sacrifice. And when the doctors declared there was a limit to what the bravest little woman could do—"

"Oh, John, you helped me be strong, my sweetheart for all eternity. But what about that happiest Christmas? I know what you have been thinking and are waiting for me to say: it was on a Christmas Day that the first remittance of our pension came from the Ministers' Board. Oh, the joy of that day!"

"Mary, it can mean no less in all the tomorrows of eternity that we could be together in our own home—yes, with its fireplace—during the years. O praise the Lord for His unchanging goodness—yes, and the Board."



A Christmas Wife

If on Christmas Day of the year Eighteen Hundred Fifty-Four some angel of the Annunciation had appeared to me, then a boy of five years, bringing the "glad tidings of great joy" that on that day was born a girl child, who, as wife and mother, would walk by my side for fifty years and prove to be in very truth my "greatest earthly blessing," I should certainly today be looking back on that Christmas of the Annunciation and the Nativity as the happiest I have ever had.

But of course, such prescience was not mine. Knowledge of our earthly blessings comes not through forecasts and horoscopes, but through experience and retrospect. I can look back, both as boy and man, on many happy Christmas Days, and the happiest of all, I am sure, have been those in which we all joined—father, mother and seven children—not in celebrating the mother's birthday, since she would not have it so, but in making that particular day the happiest of the year in our home. But not in ours only, for hers was a rarely radiant nature, and for her just to live meant to give. She is gone now these four years, and that

home circle, whose Christmases she made so happy that none stands out in memory as happier than the rest, is long ago scattered far and wide across the entire breadth of this continent, while I am left to think of her who was born on Christmas Day and whom I know to have been indeed what she told me long ago she would try to be—my “greatest earthly blessing.”



On the Frontier

It was in the early '80's of the nineteenth century. I had been one year at work in a Colorado new mining camp where I was the only settled pastor for a population of 1500 souls, four fifths men. We had just dedicated a plain church house and had organized a church. I soon realized that I had on hand a great battle: fourteen saloons, gambling houses, and brothels, versus one church. Hither I brought my wife and two little girls.

We planned a church Christmas tree. We—the ladies' committee and my family—made great preparations. The people coöperated heartily. A beautiful silver-tipped fir was secured. The committee covered it with abundant decorations and gifts—something for each of the 100 children in the camp; toys, useful articles, nuts, candies, apples, pop-corn balls, also oranges from California. The program of songs and recitations by the children, the music by the choir and the Cornish Miner's "Brass Band" and the Christmas story by the pastor were enjoyed by the crowded house.

Another thing that helped was the wonderful gift to the pastor and his family of a very useful home missionary barrel which arrived just in time. My good wife was overjoyed by the timely arrival of that warm winter coat and the beautiful dress goods; the pastor's suit fitted him nicely; and the little girls not only shouted for joy at sight of the bright and warm clothes, but perhaps most of all rejoiced over the doll and other childish toys, which they "fished" out of the barrel and which today they cherish as precious souvenirs. There was such an abundance that we shared some of its contents with needy miners' families.

The Last Was the Best

As a child I was one of a large family in very humble circumstances and Christmas trees and Christmas presents were little known. Often the day passed unheeded. In later years I had a hard struggle to obtain an education, working out upon a farm by the month and once in the shipyard where a vessel was being built. In fitting for college at an academy I worked for my board, doing chores at a nearby farm and at the same time paid tuition at the academy by teaching classes of younger pupils.

My dear wife and I were permitted to serve the Lord together for more than fifty-three years. She was called home in 1928. She left me our second child, a loving daughter, who graduated from college with honors and was a successful teacher in high schools and academies some fifteen years, then came home to care for her aged parent. And is to the present time my most faithful, devoted caretaker and nurse as well as a hard worker in the church and the missionary work of our community. She is church treasurer and looks after all the benevolent funds, cares for the communion table as the Lord's Supper is celebrated, teaches a class in the Sunday school and is Sunday-school librarian, besides having all the care of our home and her dependent father.

But lately we have enjoyed some very pleasant Christmases together, though living very simply, largely from our own garden in order to pay the taxes, repairs and insurance upon daughter's house in which we live, supply fuel and the necessary expenses of housekeeping helped as we have been by my pension from the Board of Ministerial Relief.



The very last Christmas was the most enjoyable of all within my memory, because the aid from the Board and the Board's Christmas Fund was augmented by some unexpected gifts from other friends. Two checks of five dollars each came to us and many cheering letters and cards of greetings. Also a large box containing wearing apparel for daughter and myself; stationery, books, refreshing candy and cheerful messages coming from a large city church with which we had no acquaintance or other relations and marked "not to be opened till Christmas," brought us unusual good cheer

and grateful hearts. This box was filled by the different groups, or circles in the large church, and so it represented many participants in the packing. I have wondered if these strangers to us were not moved by some appeal from the Board of Ministerial Relief which the dear friends were glad to honor.

However that may be, our last Christmas being our very happiest, will long be remembered by this Old Soldier of the Cross now in his eighty-eighth year, very deaf and nearly blind, with health much impaired. I cannot use a typewriter nor can I read what I have written with a coarse pen.

Of Six Happy Hearts Two Remain

Four wide-awake lively children came bouncing out of bed early one Christmas morning, down the stairs they ran and into the dining room they went to discover what Santa Claus might have brought them on "the night before Christmas."

They found just what they most wished for, all neatly wrapped and separately marked for each child. Santa Claus had also left a note to each child expressing his appreciation of the kindly spirit and beautiful deeds they had manifested in play, study and work, during the year since he had last visited their home.

A keen spirit of joy and a wonderful glow of gladness came to expression through their faces, their hands and their antics that Christmas morning and during many a day following. The happiness and joy of those children created a like happiness and joy deep down in my very being not surpassed by any other Christmas day during the entire fifty years of my Christian ministry in the Gospel.

May I liken that joyous, peaceful experience to a restful evening cloud lingering at the close of day, gathering within its folds the radiant glory of the departing sun and feeding hungry and appreciating eyes with beauty beyond words to express.



During the forty years intervening between that Christmas Day and the present, I have buried in four widely separated cemeteries the forms of four of those who contributed to the joy of that day: a daughter nearly four years old who was burned to death; a son who had had one year in college, and was drowned; another son of like age who was crushed under the

wheels of a moving freight train, and the Mother of the children who has gone into the spiritland with them. Standing out in bold relief against this dark background of experience, that early Christmas morning remains the happiest I ever had.

These words are true: "It is more blessed to give than to receive."



A Christmas Shower

I have enjoyed many a Christmas since the days when my brothers and sisters and I used to wake with the dawn on Christmas morning and hasten down the stairs to see what Santa Claus had left for us in the large fireplace of the chimney where we had hung our stockings.

Neither my wife nor I had Christmas trees in our childhood. There has been a sameness about these Christmas Days, but now and then friends have planned something unusual. I write of the last Christmas for it is clearest in our memories.

Some friends who had lived in two of our parishes arranged the surprise. A committee was formed and was soon in touch with someone in every church which we had served. Between December 5 and January 5 letters and gifts came daily from young folks and old folks whom I had united in marriage (there were ninety of these) and from other friends—money, butter, eggs, chickens, meat, fruit, books and subscriptions to *Advance* and local papers, and other gifts. Some of the givers were almost strangers to us and some were friends from whom we had not heard for years. Their letters were as dear and precious as their gifts. This surprise shower brought other showers to our eyes.

The churches, hearing what these young people were doing sent gifts also. Our Christmas joy was made more complete when on Sunday, December 24th, a couple came from a distant city with the request from the man, who was forty-three years of age, that I should baptize him. I had married the couple twelve years before and a year before that had baptized the lady. He was about to unite with his home church but desired this baptismal service at the hand of the minister who had baptized his wife and who had united them in marriage.

It was this that made the Christmas a perfect day.



A Succession of Surprises

Nearly fifty years ago, among the forests of the lower peninsula of Michigan was a small Congregational church. An English minister with his wife and six children had recently arrived from the Old Country by way of Canada. Without knowing conditions he had spent his all in reaching the town only to find that the membership of the church numbered but seven, five women and two men. However he did his best and frequently had a congregation filling the small building, with some listening outside, through the open windows.

The people were very poor. Christmas found the pastor and his family in sad straits which were not lessened by the remembrance of Christmas cheer in the Old Country, of the carollers with their sacred songs, of the national roast beef and plum pudding, of the neighboring greetings of "A Merry Christmas and Happy New Year."

A few days before the festive season the children were wondering where the usual gifts might come from while the anxious parents were troubled as to how they could make the occasion a happy one.

Through the influence of Rev. E. P. Stone, assistant superintendent of Home Missions, their son had spent a few months at Olivet College. He had returned home before Christmas and the family were wondering how they could find the wherewithal to send him back when the school reopened.

A few days before Christmas a letter arrived from St. Albans, Vermont. The minister turned it over and over asking "who does it come from?" He hardly knew whether Vermont was a city or a state. At last the envelope was opened, and out fell a banker's check for twenty dollars and a brief note explaining that its purpose was "to help your boy return to Olivet." The boy went back and found work in the family of good President Butterfield. Later he worked his way through Yale and is now pastor of a New England church.

A few days later another letter arrived from the then well-known missionary secretary, W. G. Puddefoot, containing ten dollars, a portion of an amount given him by a wealthy friend for distribution among poor ministers.

But yet another surprise was in store for this minister's family. A good-sized packet arrived from the ladies of a Chicago church containing clothes for children, books for pastor, joy for all. A joyous Christmas followed. The sons and daughters of that family have had many happy Christmas days since then.

Although the minister and his wife have both passed their ninety-second birthdays, and are now helped by the Board of Ministerial Relief, they still treasure the memory of that first Christmas in Michigan.

In the Sick Room

How gay we were that Christmas morning! Homeless, to be sure, but safely sheltered in the beautiful home of a friend. The invalid is better! Yes, at last he must be started on the road to actual recovery. *We will believe it!* He is enthroned in honor of the day, with the parsoness and the daughters hovering in thankfulness about him.

The gifts are displayed, simple and farcical some of them. The "car" he wanted is produced in a small box, and consists chiefly of spools. He enters into the fun in his own irresistible way, presenting a needed "waist" to the parsoness, who "wastes" no time in her efforts to care for him. There is gayety and laughter over the jokes and pleasantries. But tears are near the surface when a bag of gold appears from the sympathizing friends in the faithful church, with the touching message: "A loving token from many loving hearts for

"Christmas time is loving time,
And loving time means *you*."



There is a Christmas feast in the sickroom, the invalid must share in it, and he tries so hard to be himself, his strong, exuberant self. So there are smiles and cheery words, and welcome for the friends who call, and must not be refused audience on that Christmas Day. The spirit is so eager even when the physical strain begins to tell, as tell it must ere the day is done. But there must be no outward sadness. The little girl must have her merry Christmas, unmarred by any anxious word or thought; while the big girl, however wise in her inmost heart, must yet rejoice in the joys of the day.

And so the *two*, who for so many years have been as *one* in hopes and fears, in joy and sorrow, with few

words but with clasped hands, watch that memorable Christmas Day die away—hoping against hope, praying for strength to meet the inevitable. And thus the *last* family-Christmas, a truly blessed day, sinks into the realm of memory.



New Dishes— and a Ham

When one comes to the place where life is only memories, pleasant or painful, it is best to forget the heartache and live with the beautiful things of life.

"The Happiest Christmas I Ever Had" was spent in the parsonage of a country church where my husband was pastor. We were young, ardent and poor, but much in love with each other and with life, making all kinds of shifts at housekeeping. Christmas Eve we had a tree in the church for the community, also a Christmas pageant, using the talent of the church and Sunday school. The church was trimmed in evergreens. The music was good. The spirit of Christmas was with us and we all believed in Santa Claus. On this tree were many useful gifts, two for the parson and his wife. Christmas morning bright and early came the people to the parsonage in bobsleds, cutters and on foot—fathers, mothers and children all smiling and happy. The food they brought all cooked and ready to serve, also a china dinner service. At sight of this "the Mistress of the Manse" forgetting all her ministerial dignity, cried, for she was young and fond of beautiful things and so happy.

In the evening came a young man and woman to be married. He was a widower bringing with him his little son of two years, who clung to daddy's hand through the marriage ceremony and was the first to kiss the bride, his new mother. The bride and groom took dinner with us from the new dishes. We were all young together, singing, joking and laughing as only youth can. The happy couple went on their way, the sleeping boy in his father's arms, amid the music of merry voices and sleigh bells, leaving us a fee of a bushel of apples and a ham. At that time in the life at the parsonage apples were apples, and a ham was a ham.

As the years have come and gone, the parson and

wife may have seen gayer times but never a happier Christmas.

A Troubled Conscience

In the New England home, brother and I looked forward with lively interest to the evening when we would hang our stockings; perchance going to unrest instead of rest; and arising early to discover our gifts, very simple but satisfying. We learned to be content with many small and inexpensive gifts. For example, an orange, slate and lead pencil, pop corn, peanuts, and candy in attractive forms. Father was a shop worker and his wages permitted no luxurious gifts to parents or children.

Perhaps a reference to my most unhappy Christmas may be of interest.

On the night before Christmas father brought home from the shop two sleds which he had made in extra hours at night. Oh, but we were happy over our first sleds! But the next day was Sunday, and the sight of those sleds on Sunday morning was terribly harassing, for we knew that neither work nor play was allowed on Sunday. Nevertheless, I sneaked my sled out of the shed and hurried out of the dooryard gate to the top of a small hill in the well-tramped road, and took just one slide down that hill, not over one hundred yards, and went guiltily back to the shed, putting the sled in exactly the place where I found it. Well, father made the way of the transgressor hard and deprived me of the sled for a whole week! Believe me that was an unhappy week. I knew I deserved it, according to the standards of the time.



The New England ethics of the use of Sunday for innocent pleasure have changed since my childhood, and I think few, if any, fathers would now regard as wrong a slide on a new Christmas sled on Sunday afternoon, unless the child had been forbidden to use the sled on Sunday. And few fathers would in our day deny such afternoon exercise to a lively, active boy. It is to be borne in mind that in New England not Christmas Day but Thanksgiving Day was the great day for family reunions, and for a frolic for the children. In our day, Christmas is more and more used as a festive occasion.



A Mislaid Stocking

When I was a very small child—one of a family of two sisters and four brothers, and I next to the youngest of the six—my father was seized by a spirit of wanderlust, otherwise known as a desire to help forest the great prairies of the West. With this idea in mind he loaded us, my mother and all, into covered wagons and started towards the land of his desire.

After many days of travel, winter winds set in, bringing in their train deep drifts of snow. At this point my parents began considering a shelter for their shivering children. We were yet, as I remember it, in the “deep, dark woods.” But, glory be! even there a house was found, a log house of three rooms downstairs and a spacious attic upstairs—or more correctly up ladder, a contrivance I very much delighted to climb, followed by my tiny brother.

The walls of the building were well chinked, and with a great fire of logs burning in the open fireplace that occupied nearly one whole end of what was to be our family living room we were quite comfortable.

Not many weeks passed in this retired spot before a noticeable excitement and whispering began among my elders. The greatest holiday of the year was at hand, and no convenient supply for the Christmas expectations of eager children.

After a long consultation my father and eldest brother seemed about to set out on a perilous and none too well known journey. Days later they returned, tired but highly elated.

Not long after their return came Christmas Eve, and our stockings were hung in a long row above the blazing hearth.

I was always the naughty one of the family. Never would I, excepting under pressure, put on my shoes and stockings, nor would I ever try to comb my unruly auburn curly hair.

It was Christmas morning. We were all up betimes and all dressed but I. My father and brother were distributing stockings. Those stockings were all full to the brim with fruit, candy and such things as each had wanted Santa to bring. But when my turn came, alas! There was nothing—not even my stockings.

I dared not cry; if I should someone would call me

“Cry Baby.” Worse still, I dared not be gloomy. I had been warned to be glad of any good luck that came to the others. I had to sob a little and use my mighty to wipe a tear-stained face. Yet it never occurred to that little girl that once was I to go hunting for my shoes and stockings and my neglected comb.

When the family was about to be drowned in floods of tears, my brother took me by the hand, saying “Let’s go hunting.” It was easy enough to find the comb and clothing, but my shoes and stockings. Where were they?

Upstairs we raced over the unsteady ladder, then down into the dark cellar, my disappointment growing constantly more overpowering. Then someone called, “Look under Mittie’s bed.” To my great joy there we found not only my shoes but both my stockings crammed to overflowing with gifts. And was I glad! Happy? So happy that I have remembered every detail of that Christmas scene all through these seventy eventful years.

Dispelling the Shades of Puritanism



There were no “Merry Christmases” in my childhood, as my memory serves me. Perhaps this was due to the teaching and training of a stern old Puritan grandmother, who was head of the household.

In her eyes all holidays were more or less a waste of time—although Thanksgiving was tolerated if service at the “meetinghouse” was attended—(she never said “church”—that was a word the Mayflower had left over the sea).

To her Christmas was sinful—candles savored of Popery—the Christmas tree was “heathen” and dear jolly old Santa Claus “a wicked lie.”

That was back in Civil War time and the country was in little mood for rejoicing. Of course, I have taught my children a very different view of the most joyous and human festival of the church—yet, with myself there has remained the shadow of those almost unhappy child Christmases.

I rejoice now that the trend of the world is turning so fast toward breaking down those barriers between worshippers of the Heavenly Father of the precious

baby Jesus—until there shall be no longer Jew or Gentile, heathen or Catholic, bound or free, educated or simple—and we hope there will be no divisions of color—but, black, white, red, or yellow all will be recognized as beloved children of one Creator and Father, who sent the message of “joy on earth to men of good will.”

Then all praise to jolly old St. Nick with his example of unselfish hilarious giving. All praise for the lesson of each tiny candle doing its part to conquer the darkness of the world, and to the evergreen tree with its miracle of wonderful fruit, and above all to the baby occupant of the humble little manger cradle who lifted all childhood up into the divine. So each Christmas, as it comes, is the happiest to this old member of the dear Pension Family.

All Alike—Happy

I cannot call to mind any one of eighty-six Christmases that I count happier than any other. All my Christmas Days ever since I have been able to appreciate their significance have been happy, not chiefly because of the precious gifts received, or the festivities common to the occasion, or the merry madrigals which

filled the air, but chiefly because the day is observed as an anniversary of the most transcendent event that has ever taken place in this world or any other, namely the advent of our Lord and Saviour who came to seek and bring back into the fold out of the wild pasture and the stormy night his wandering sheep.

My failure to pick out as pre-eminent any one Christmas Day in my life will have the sympathy of other fellow pilgrims and pensioners as they look back over the stretches of white road they have covered on their way toward the gate that leads into the City where reigns in majesty and great glory the Babe of Bethlehem.



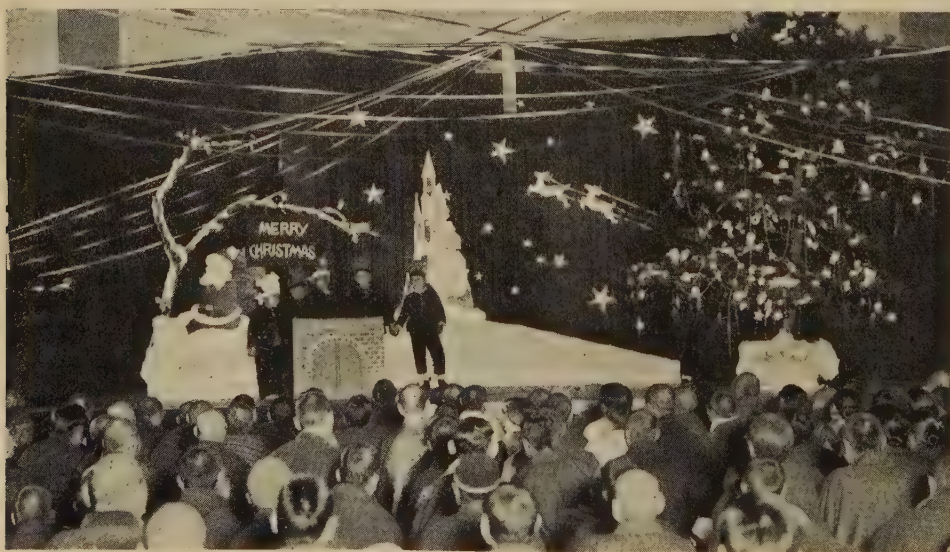
A Christmas in Japan

The photograph is of a Christmas celebration in the little “Church of the Dawn” of the Aisien (Loving Life) Leper Hospital, the first such undertaken by the

Japanese Government. Rev. C. Burnell Olds of Okayama has been connected with it for some years, during which the band of Christians within it

has grown and grown until he sees “souls shining through the scarred faces.”

Dr. Mitsuda, the head, a leading specialist, is revered and loved by patients and staff and tradesmen; his whole personality glows with the spirit of Christ. And most of the staff are Christians through and through. There are stories of wonderful devotion to be told of some of them.



The Garden of a Single Light

By Frank L. Huntley

This one-act play from the *News Bulletin* of the Japan Mission is based on a true story

Scene: As the curtain rises an ordinary court room is seen. On the right a jury of twelve men, no women, in their characteristic clothes—farmers in blue happi coats, business clerks in tight fitting foreign suits, one or two men of higher class in black silk haori. Judge, in white curled wig, sits at high desk in center. Between him and the jury is the witness stand, in which sits a young woman of 25 or so, with a beautiful but sad face, and rather gaudy Japanese kimono. Below at tables in center and at left sit clerks, news reporters, stenographers, etc. The lawyer for the prosecution has been in the process of examining the defendant. But while the judge is reading a communication the court is relaxed—the jury is talking loudly, there is general confusion. A photographer takes a flashlight picture of defendant, but no notice is taken of this circumstance. After one or two minutes of hubbub, the judge raps on his desk.

Judge. Will the court come to order? Prosecuting attorney, continue with your examination.

Attorney. Fumiko, why did you go into the bamboo grove?

Fumiko. I felt the shock of an earthquake and we always go there to be safe.

Attorney. Of course every one knows the roots of the bamboo are so strongly interlaced that the earth cannot break. But you have already been told that the epicenter of this quake was 1400 miles away, and others in the village said they scarcely felt any shock.

Fumiko. I wished to be alone.

Attorney. One does when he commits murder.

Defense (a kindly faced, middle-aged man). Your honour, I object. Let him judge not lest he be judged, and confine himself to legitimate questions.

Judge (looking up with surprise). Objection sustained.

Attorney. Tell me, Fumiko, did you strangle your child immediately after you got there?

Fumiko. No, I waited a long time, perhaps an hour. My baby was nursing.

Attorney. Then you snatched it from your breast and strangled it in cold blood?

Fumiko (breaking). Oh, don't. I can't stand any more. I have said a hundred times I did not wish to kill her. She lay there.

Attorney. And you told the children who came there to play that the baby had died in the earthquake?

Fumiko. She lay there so peacefully, asleep. I kept her asleep with my sleeve. The world did not want her, but I did. My friends would find out and leave me. My job would be taken away from me, and then what would my mother do? Oh, please, stop, stop!

Attorney. You hoped the earthquake would kill it but your first impulse was to run to a place of safety, and that very place of safety forbade you to bury your child because of the tough roots. (*Loud sobs from defendant*). Your honour, it seems to me that there is no reason for dragging this case out. The defendant has pleaded guilty, is guilty. As there cannot possibly be any defense, I suggest immediate verdict by the jury.

Judge. According to our law the defense council may speak if he desires at this time. Does he so desire?

Defense. Your honour, there is a defense. Fumiko-san, you may retire. (*As he helps her down he surreptitiously wipes her face with his handkerchief.*) I call to the stand Mrs. Tanabe, proprietress of the Venus Cafe.

Mrs. Tanabe. There is nothing to add to what I said before. Fumiko came to my place four years ago in April. Here is the receipt signed by her mother for four hundred and fifty yen. She has worked off two-thirds of it, and I demand one hundred and fifty yen on this contract plus damages to the reputation of my house.

Defense. Just a minute, Mrs. Tanabe. Up to her meeting with Mr. Tanaka, was Fumiko's work satisfactory? Was she honest?

Mrs. Tanabe. Yes, she was a very honest and hard working girl. I require my girls to be on duty from 10 in the morning to 8 in the evening one day, and from 6 in the evening until 2 in the morning the following day. Often after a night shift she would come in the early morning to help with the cleaning. Therefore it was a great surprise when she disappeared after closing hours on the night of April 10, and failed to reappear at the regular time next day.

Defense. Mrs. Tanabe, did you actually encourage her to grow intimate with this Tanaka person?

Mrs. Tanabe. Of course. Every one knows that a regular patron is worth more than a transient.

Defense. Thank you, that is all, Mrs. Tanabe. Your honour, it is society that has committed this murder. Let him who is without sin cast the first stone at Fumiko-san.

Attorney. Your honour, I object. These words are subversive.

Judge. I know not from what code they come, but let the defending lawyer apply himself to the examination of other witnesses.

Defense. Will Mrs. Okazaki, mother of the defendant, please take the stand? Mrs. Okazaki, will you kindly tell the court something about your daughter? Don't be afraid, but tell all you know.

Mrs. Okazaki. (*After some moments of silent terror, during which the jury smile at her evident country appearance.*) My husband died four years ago, leaving us nothing but a mortgage on our house. He always did raise better mortgages than radishes. (*Laughter.*) Mrs. Tanabe offered a position to my daughter, and said that as she is beautiful she should do well in a cafe. I did not like her to go to a cafe, but I signed her over when she begged me to for four hundred and fifty yen, the amount due on our house and land. It is only by her tips that we have been able to live, for the mortgage is not cleared yet. Fumiko has been a good daughter to me. I was greatly worried when she did not come home the evening of April 10th, but thought she had gone off with her lover. She told me about him. You know, Mr. Tanaka is a corporal in Manchuria. Next thing I hear she is charged with child murder. This is hard for me to understand. Fumiko is good, and I would die if she leaves me.

Defense. Thank you, Mrs. Okazaki. (*He helps her down, amid the smirks of the jury.*) Your honour, I am now through with the witnesses. I wish the privilege of calling your honour's attention to the prisoner's exemplary conduct not only at home, but at her place of work. You have seen, too, that her family is respectable, and that to pay a lawful debt the prisoner's mother signed her over for a period of six years, as long as any girl is of use to a cafe. Your honour, it is the poverty of this girl's family that is the root of the evil . . .

Judge. Confine your remarks to the case in court. This is no place for Marxian economy.

Defense. Your honour, it was not Marx but one far greater who taught the economy of the human soul. He said that even as the fall of a sparrow is noticed in heaven, how much more the fall of a human being. I cited the poverty of the family because if it had been

rich this girl would not have had to work in the cafe. But this fact is nothing in the face of the tragedy which is not of her doing. True, she has committed murder. Is not this punishment which was inflicted by the many sufficient for her? Contrariwise, we should rather forgive her and comfort her, lest by any means she be swallowed up with her overmuch sorrow. Now she is penitent, and in her talks with me has promised to try a new way of life. I have told her of the Ittoen, and she wishes to go. Here do I give my own promise before this court to be personally responsible for her guidance. I have finished.

Judge. These words have reason in them. Prosecuting attorney, do you wish also now to summarize?

Attorney. Your honour, I have shown everything, and the defendant has confessed her guilt. The law handed down by our ancestors and gathered together in the Imperial Rescript of the Emperor Meiji must be carried out in this court. To my honorable opponent, may I ask what is this Ittoen?

Defense. The Ittoen, meaning "Garden of a Single Light," lies not far from Kyoto. It is the home of a brotherhood who have found peace in rendering service to their fellow-men—even to the washing of their neighbor's feet.

They work in pairs for only their meals and a small sum that goes to the foundation. They sweep the streets, they collect the sewage and take it to the country, for that is a useful and necessary occupation. They make it honorable. Under the leadership of Nishida Tenko they live simply on unhusked rice, and learn how to pray.

Attorney. Your honour, is the dignity of this court to be sustained by condemning the defendant to carrying a bucket? I wish only to remind the jury that the greatness of our country depends upon no foreign religion but upon the obedience of every true Japanese to the Civil Code promulgated by our Great Emperor Meiji.

Defense. The Ittoen is Japanese. Not a foreigner has had anything to do with it. Mr. Nishida is a true and good Japanese subject. No one can gainsay it. May I remind my honorable opponent that I too am proud to be responsible to my Emperor; I am also responsible to God.

Judge. Members of the jury, you have heard the evidence on both sides. It seems to me that some of the words in the speech of the honorable defense are surprising but nevertheless true doctrine. I recommend leniency. Defendant, take the stand. Jury dismissed.

(The jury files out, the court bursts once more into a hubbub. Women go down the aisles selling oranges and bowls of rice and eels. Another flashlight picture is taken. After a few minutes the jury files back into room and all remain standing in places while foreman speaks.)

Foreman of the Jury. Your honour and members of this court. We the jury find the defendant guilty of child murder, but return a suspended sentence for a term of good behavior, under the guarantee and personal supervision of the lawyer for the defense.

Curtain.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A new play, *A Bridge to Kutelmundi*, will appear in the next issue.

The Mid-West Regional Meeting

By George E. Mitchell

ONE of the impressions that probably will remain vital in the lives of those who attended this meeting at Grinnell was the sight of a cross section of the Church in action in today's world.

Matters of financial and promotional technique, while important, were regarded as secondary to the requirement ably discussed by Moderator Stocking of the General Council in his address, "Wanted—A Motive for Missions." Facing frankly the various criticisms of missions, he emphasized in a constructive way the vital motives: a divine concern for the welfare of others; a zeal for religion as the only thing that will meet the deepest needs of men; a confidence in the unique worth of Jesus in fulfilling life everywhere; and a new sense of personal responsibility.

Then a rapid and vivid survey was made of the Church in action on its many fronts. Men and women recently from the so-called "foreign" work in China, Japan, Africa, and India challenged the meeting with their stories of Christian achievement and of opportunities for still greater service in those lands.

The brilliant and constructive analysis, by President Wilkins of Grinnell College, of the Church's responsibilities in those areas of contemporary American life where her healing ministrations are necessary if we are to have a redeemed society gave new hope to those who perhaps had begun to wonder whether any distinctive function remained to the "Christian College." The much discussed Council for Social Action had its full innings at Grinnell: Chairman Holt and Director Herring spoke a brave and reassuring word regarding its mission.

The minority groups in American population received special attention. The Indians spoke for themselves (and a good wholesome word it was too), while President Gallagher of Talledega College discussed

The Christian Program for the Negro, pointing out that the first thing that was needed was for the white man to rid himself of the chains of fear, pride, prejudice, and selfishness in order that he might meet those of other races with truly Christian attitudes.

Only religion, it was shown, could make the world a brotherhood and solve the ever present problem of world peace.

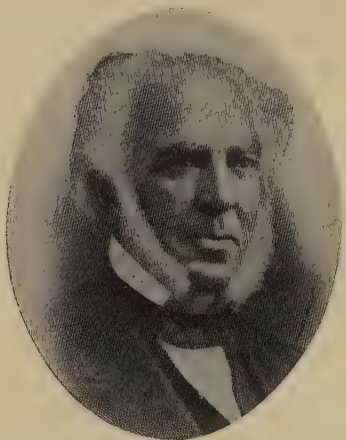
The redeeming work of the Church cannot be done without spiritual power, and the devotional element, central to all else, was given its place of recognition in the three vesper services of the meeting.

The Interest Group luncheons proved helpful both in fellowship and in thinking together about matters of common interest. The Sage of Grinnell, Professor Steiner, in his address on The High Road and the Low Road of Religion revealed with merciless candor how the Church had often traveled the safe, comfortable Low Road of expediency when it thought it was traveling the High Road of idealism, closing with a refreshing note of trust and confidence that it *would* travel the High Road.

The monologue, The Fourth Letter, depicted in a dramatic way that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Then too, there were the exhibits; the music by the College male quartet, instrumental quartet, and choir; the drama by the Grinnell young people; and the gloriously funny musical comedy, *Box and Cox*, which relaxed the somewhat frayed weary nerves of the delegates.

Last but not least, the spirit of genuine hospitality on the part of the minister and people of the First Church, the townspeople, and Grinnell College provided an environment for an experience of inspiration, information, and fellowship which will not soon be forgotten.

Centennial of Medical Missions



ON December 14 the Peter Parker Centennial of Medical Missions will be celebrated by a dinner in connection with the Medical Missions Conference in New York. The event to be commemorated was the arrival in Canton, China, on October 26, 1834, of the founder of medical missions in the Far East. This marked an epoch in missionary endeavor, for while it is true that other missionaries had before this date engaged in medical work, Dr. Peter Parker was the first fully trained and appointed medical missionary and the first to inaugurate a continuing program of organized medical missionary service.

Not content with being a doctor and an ordained minister, Dr. Parker entered the diplomatic service of the United States, serving first as Secretary and Interpreter of the Legation in Canton while continuing his medical practice, and later as United States Commissioner and Minister Plenipotentiary.

Peter Parker was born in Framingham, Massachusetts, June 18, 1804, and became a member of Plymouth Congregational Church—then called the Church of Christ—before he was sixteen years old. From that time till he left for college he was an active and earnest young Christian worker in both church and Sunday school. He studied at Amherst College for three years and took his fourth and final year at Yale, being graduated with the Class of 1831.

With unusual vision and tremendous ambition, he took theological training at Yale Divinity School and a course at the Yale Medical School, receiving his M.D. in 1834, was appointed for service in China by the American Board, was ordained May 16 in Philadelphia and sailed on July 4th. Five months in sailing vessels brought him to his destination.

After about a year—during which he studied the Chinese language—Dr. Parker opened on November

4, 1835, the first medical missionary hospital in the Far East, known as the Ophthalmic Hospital, later called the Canton Hospital. It is not the easiest thing in the world to run a hospital anywhere, even with trained help, but Dr. Parker had neither nurses nor interns, and but a meager equipment. He had, however, striking ability, inexhaustible energy and perseverance, and success was immediate and sweeping.

"It was after long effort that a place was found for a hospital," he wrote. "And when at length a suitable building was found, on the first day no patients ventured to come. On the second day a solitary female afflicted with glaucoma, on the third day half a dozen, and soon they came in crowds. It is difficult to convey to a person who has not visited the hospital a just idea of them. He needs to be present on a day for receiving new patients and behold respectable women and children assembling at the doors the previous evening and sitting all night in the street that they might be in time to obtain an early ticket for admission. He need behold in the morning the long line of sedans [sedan chairs] extending far in every direction; see the officers with their attendants; observe the dense mass in the room below; stand by during examination and giving out of tickets of admission, urgent cases being admitted at once, while others are directed to come at a specific time."

The hospital closed for a time during the opium war between England and China. Dr. Parker came to America on furlough in 1841 bringing the statistics of some 12,000 who had received medical relief, including members of the Imperial family. He urged upon the President and the Secretary of State the need of closer relations with China and in 1843 the Honorable Caleb Cushing was appointed Minister to that country.

Dr. Parker took a bride back to China with him, Miss Harriet C. Webster of Washington. He became Secretary and Interpreter of Legation when Minister Cushing arrived. Ill health sent him home to America in 1855, but he went back a few months later at the special request of the Government to be United States Commissioner and Minister Plenipotentiary for the purpose of revising the Treaty of 1844.

Two years later his health again made return to America advisable. He lived in Washington where he died on January 10, 1888.

Dr. Oscar Thompson, Chief Surgeon of the Canton Hospital, Dr. Parker's present-day successor, will attend the dinner.

Program Pointers for the Pilgrim Fellowship

By Harry Thomas Stock

The national Pilgrim Fellowship needs a clear ringing Statement of Purpose. Will your group be one of the Pioneering Two Hundred? These two hundred groups will be asked to study the question of what the function of the Pilgrim Fellowship should be in these challenging times. It is expected that they will spend at least four weeks in such a study, and that when this work is concluded they will write out a Statement of Purpose which they will submit to the Young People's Department.

These Statements will then be further studied, digested, and resubmitted to a large group of leaders from all parts of the nation. It is hoped that by next summer a ringing Statement of Purpose may be ready for study in the summer conferences and that by the autumn of 1935 it will be adopted as the declaration of the national Pilgrim Fellowship. Would not your group get a real thrill from helping to determine what this Statement shall be?

A discussion outline is ready for all groups that will participate. It is called, *For Such a Time as This*. It will be sent free to all those who agree to spend at least four weeks on this project and to send in their report not later than February. Write to the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

* * *

Two excellent resources of permanent worth have been issued by the Department of International Justice and Goodwill of the Federal Council of Churches,

105 E. 22 St., New York. The first is, *Program Suggestions for World Peace*; it gives a great variety of practical suggestions for peace education and activity in the local church. The price is ten cents. The second is, *Services of Worship for World Understanding and Peace*; it provides entire programs, litanies, prayers, hymns, and other valuable material for young people and adults. Single copy, 15 cents, reduced prices in quantities.

* * *

The Christian Youth Council (Interdenominational) held its quadrennial meeting at Lake Geneva last summer. These young people did some prolonged and profound thinking on questions dealing with personal religion, liquor, race relations, the economic order and international relations. They organized their thought into detailed findings which are provocative of discussion. Any group desiring these mimeographed pages may have them by sending twenty-five cents to the Young People's Department, 14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

* * *

Perhaps the best sources of recreational materials is the "Church Recreation Service." A dollar provides each year five "Pocket Recreation Kits," which are full of good suggestions for all types of parties, outdoor recreations, and parlor entertainments. Write to Lynn Rohrbough, Delaware, Ohio.



The Marquis of Lothian (under center picture) addresses a luncheon at Hotel Gramercy, New York. See page 544. At his right Sir Gerald Campbell, Dr. J. C. Robbins, Rev. R. M. McConnell. At his left, Dr. McAfee, Dr. Brown.



The Superintendent of Missouri

Charles C. Burger is an inveterate traveler. The world has always appealed to him as a very proper subject for exploration. Like the prophet Elijah, he sometimes turns up in unexpected places.

Although he was born on a farm in Illinois, at the age of twelve his parents translated him to a region in the Ozarks where there were no schools. There he turned his attention from books to hills and to the sheep that wandered over them. Upon attaining the age of seventeen he decided that he needed more education. To secure it he followed successively the callings of fireman in a sawmill, railroad baggage-man, threshing machine engineer, farm hand, janitor and school teacher. Thanks to some evangelists whom he had encountered, he went to Central College in Huntington, Indiana. He then became a teacher in a boys' school at Woodstock, Illinois, where the Congregational minister directed his steps to Kingfisher College in Oklahoma. In later years Burger once made the comment, "That was where I first struck earth!" For his theological training he proceeded to Oberlin.

Drury College honored him with a D.D. degree.

On leaving school in 1912, Charles C. Burger entered upon an interesting succession of pastorates at Vinita and Enid, Oklahoma, the Plymouth Church of Cincinnati, the Plymouth Church of Wichita (which he succeeded in uniting with College Hill to form the United Church) and at Sherrill, New York.

In April of 1925 Charles C. Burger followed his manifest destiny into the field of what is called "general work" for lack of a better term with which to conceal what is essentially a bishop's job. For two years



and a half he served as assistant to Walter H. Rollins in the supervision of the New York churches, with special responsibility for what is known as "up-state." In the fall of 1927 he became superintendent of the Missouri conference, where he has continued to face the problems of northern churches in what is essentially a southern state ever since.

Possibly because of his early experiences among the simple folk of the Ozarks, Charles C. Burger is marked by simplicity of nature and directness of manner. He is a good judge of human nature, and what in the West is known as a "straight shooter." If he errs in expressing himself it is likely to be on the side of honesty. He has an energetic wife who is also an excellent traveler. They have one child, a girl of thirteen. His hobbies are a garden and the woods.

A Soldier in Science

An army officer who chose for his enemy the hook-worm is certainly worthy of note. Such was Col. Bailey Kelly Ashford of the United States Army Medical Corps who died in San Juan, Puerto Rico on November 1. He was born in Washington, D. C. in 1873, entered the army in 1897 and married Senorita Maria Asuncion Lopez of San Juan. According to the Associated Press dispatch "It was Col. Ashford, who by his discovery of the cause of the anemia of the agricultural class of Puerto Rico in 1899, laid the foundation

on which the Rockefeller Institute and many governments have for the last quarter of a century campaigned to eliminate the hook-worm disease throughout the world. Col. Ashford not alone found the cause and cure of hook-worm disease, but also earned worldwide fame for conquering the worst scourge of the tropics, called tropical sprue. Col. Ashford himself conducted the first hook-worm campaign, treating 300,000 persons through the Puerto Rico Anemia Commission which he founded in 1904."



Peace-making in Butte

Charles E. Sebold, home missionary pastor in Butte, Montana, reports: "On May 8, 1934, 4000 men walked off their jobs with the Anaconda Copper Company. Visions of such strikes as have occurred in Butte's past history came to mind—streets running red with blood—assassinations—dynamitings. Your missionary determined that these things should not be, at least if he had the opportunity to prevent them. When the mediator from the National Labor Board arrived in Butte he called your missionary into conference. Then the strikers voted to make the missionary an honorary member of their strike committee. From May to the middle of September he sat in conference halls with workers and with federal mediators helping to prevent violence and to secure justice for men who had lived on the verge of starvation for three years. A couple of fires on company property; a small hole blown in a flume, a shot fired through a police car by a gunman; another automobile overturned and set on fire; a committee sent to the governor asking for troops. Your missionary was seated in his study fearing the results of these disturbances. His phone rang. The governor wished to see him and ask his advice concerning the alleged violence. Your missionary saw the governor, stated the facts as he had learned them, joined the labor leaders in speaking to the men. No more violence occurred and the troops were not sent to Butte. Day after day and night after night, even into the small hours of the morning, your missionary sat in conferences until the strike was fairly and successfully mediated."

Jottings on Japan

"These people impress one with their industry, courtesy, and almost unfailing good humor. A joke brings its immediate response in gay laughter. Delays and narrow escapes from death by taxis are met with engaging smiles. The love of children by both men and women is phenomenal. No beggars or cripples importune the passer-by. The traveler is never in danger of being torn to pieces by mobs of porters, guides or 'barkers' as in some countries in continental Europe and the Near East. There are slums. One goes to the narrow, dirty street; then along a side street; off that a lane; from it a path; and a narrower path. Each of these little stalls houses at least one family. In an

ordinary good farm pigs have better quarters and food. Yet for some reason the sight is not quite as depressing as the slums in, say, New York. The country is a real contrast to the West. There is no isolated homestead. These are all villages. Clusters of one-story houses ranging from a few to hundreds, are closely packed together. Houses are very simple. The floors are covered with thick straw matting with fine top finish. The whole front and partitions, if any, are sliding screens covered with paper. There is no privacy, the slightest whisper being heard, and in the poorer homes all sleep in the one room, even if there are several families."

A. J. W. Myers in *The New Outlook*.

Santee's Printer Needs Help

Millard M. Fowler is the teacher of printing—and several other things—at the Santee Indian School. He needs an electric pot for his linotype machine which he could purchase new for \$275 or second hand for \$120. Here are his reasons for asking for this improvement: "First, gasoline is dangerous—especially when one has to go away and leave it burning, unwatched—which has to be done at meal times. Second, your school printer at Santee has the following schedule (about which he is not complaining): at 7:30 a.m. to 8:30 he teaches the manual training class, and also supervises an assistant who gets things started at the printing office; from 9:00 a.m. to 10:30 he has a class of ten boys in the printing office; from 1:30 to 2:30 he has a senior class in journalism, and from 3:30 to 6:00 he conducts the boys' athletics. This leaves only the hours from 10:30 to 12:00 and from 2:30 to 3:35 open for the actual work of doing all the printing for the *Word Carrier*, *Iapi Oaye*, *Santee Arrow*, *Anpao Kin*, *St. Marks Messenger*, and the abundance of job printing for the school. Now the electric pot for our machine would mean that whenever I wanted to come to the printing office—after supper, early back at noon, early in the morning, I could always sit down to the machine and it would be ready to set type. The cost of operating the electric pot is estimated at about 15 cents a day. The pot is governed with a thermostat which prevents the wasting of electricity. Now we would like to earn this \$120 or even the \$275 if at all possible. We want more work for our print shop."

Boxing the Compass For a Race

No man is better qualified than James Weldon Johnson to speak for the Negro race. In a little volume of scarcely more than 100 pages, *Negro Americans, What Now?* (Viking Press), he seeks to assess the progress of the past and foresee the paths along which his race will move in the future. This volume can be read in an hour and affords a comprehensive picture of the issues which confront the Negro. The following "samples" of its conclusions show the quality of the thinking:

"No one, no matter what may be his attitude on religion, can fail to be interested in the astonishing history of the Negro church, if he will only become acquainted with it; and once he is familiar with that history, he will be compelled to acknowledge the vital work the church has accomplished. When there was no other agency to do it, the church brought about cohesion and stabilization in a bewildered and leaderless mass.

"It was the schools and colleges founded by the missionaries that made possible the generating of the internal motive power that has kept us going. Without that power we might have been pulled along a pace or two, but there could not have been any spontaneous and determined move forward on our own part. In other words, those schools and colleges accomplished the work of providing from within, intellectual leadership for a group so isolated that, lacking such leadership, it would have remained leaderless altogether.

"White people must be educated. They must be taught the truth about us. White America must not only be made thoroughly conscious of the handicaps, injustices, and wrongs under which Negro Americans struggle, it must also be made familiar with the elements of strength and of excellency possessed by the race. And White America must learn not only about the material but also about the artistic and spiritual contributions that Negro Americans have made to our common cultural store.

"Our major and more difficult problem in the field of interracial relations at present does not lie with the white man who disdains us and keeps us out of his club, but with the white man who fears us and keeps us out of his labor union. This man who fears that we may take his job, and fears that we may prove as capable in doing it as he is, and fears, too, that maybe he is not so superior as he assumes to be, we must also command and win his fair will, at least, and his good will, if possible."

An Unemployed Minister States His Case

"Today we had to go on the Welfare and we got our portion of groceries, milk and bread. Now if I can get something to do so that I may earn enough for rent and light not allowed in the credit granted us by the Welfare, we shall be able to get along. I have seen twenty-four men since September first, influential men, great men, important men, leaders among men, moneyed men, and not a one has been able to do anything but hand me around to someone else. At last I have found an effectual friend in the Welfare, which is all of us put together. When I approached the Welfare, they asked, "what are your family needs?" When I approached others who had anything to offer, it was always "we can give you so much, or spare so much." If I had a good case of TB they would take care of me in the Sunshine Institution on the hill. If I was insane they would take care of me nicely in T.C., or as a criminal make me a comfortable guest of the state. But being of sound mind and body, at my best, I must try this, go hither and yon, see this one and that one, gather what butterflies I may be able to catch on the wing. No one owes me a living. I don't ask to be taken care of like an invalid. I want work and sufficient reward for my efforts to keep my family on a minimum of comfort. It was hard to go to sleep last night though I had been to church twice, in the evening to a church full of people. I have so much enjoyed the friendly contacts with this one and that, the rich moments of fellowship with real friends. But I do not find all this goodness negotiable at the grocery store or with the rent receivers. I wish it was redeemable in service or cash values. With all this wealth of good things all around us I feel like the worm that starves itself to death because the apple is too big. Perhaps I am only fighting mosquitoes after all. Maybe not. It was said of former President Theodore Roosevelt that he fought mosquitoes as if they were lions and lions as if they were mosquitoes."

The Producer's Pride

"One hundred men who are being trained as teachers in Pasumalai came to visit Lucy Perry Noble Institute this morning and as I stood back of the looms and watched their faces I could read much of the wonder that was developing in their thoughts. To see their own village girls handling the big looms with self-reliance and pride and find that the best of them are able to weave six yards a day and that we have already sent 250 yards of cloth to Ceylon this month and are sending another 300 yards next month!"

A Negro Honored

Governor Herbert H. Lehman of New York has appointed Dr. Ernest R. Alexander, a prominent physician in Harlem, to the Advisory Council of the New York State Employment Service. Dr. Alexander is a graduate of Fisk University, the University of Minnesota and the Medical School of the University of Vermont. While at Vermont he received the First Prize for Special Merit in Medicine and the Woodbury Prize for Clinical Proficiency. He began practice in New York in 1920 and is now Visiting Dermatologist of the Harlem Hospital.



Book Magic

For boys and girls—or for parents who want suggestions for Christmas

Of all the fascinating people of whom we read in the old tales of folk and fairy, the fairy godmother holds an undisputed place of honor and power.

She it was who brought the very finest gifts to the cradle of the new-born babe; and, we are told that her power alone would break the malignant spells which were so often visited upon the child by revengeful spirits, on evil errands bent.

With generous motions of her magic wand she lavished gifts of health, wealth and fame upon her favored ones. Goodly gifts they were, in very truth, and I could be finding it in my heart to wish that some of her magic was abroad in the world today, endowing our modern children with such valuable attributes as, for instance, a passion for peace, temperance and world friendship.

But, alas and alack, these worthy gift bringers slipped out of the regular haunts of life some time away back in the middle ages, and retreating, took their magic wands with them.

Since that long-ago-day we have learned to depend

By Bessie L. Doherty

upon some very modern fairy godmothers; less romantic possibly in their manner of approach, but none the less powerful withal, who, with their new magic—book magic—have power to weave their subtle spells around us.

One such modern fairy godmother is Miss Florence Crannell Means, who waves her wand, and, lo and behold, we have a *Rainbow Bridge* curving in graceful, magic lines to unite in friendship boys and girls in two of the greatest countries of the world, Japan and the United States. To be sure, there is no pot of gold at the end of this rainbow bridge, but there is something of much greater worth; something which gold cannot buy; and yet something which colors all life with rainbow hue. But, there, I simply must not tell you all about it, for the joy of discovery should be yours alone.

Read the book yourself, then spend freely of its treasure in erecting rainbow bridges of your very own.

Indeed, no, gold will not buy everything, yet Birget and Ib, who lived in Denmark away over the sea, discovered that it would buy many varied and interesting things—wiggly, squirmy things—of which possibly you have never even dreamed; and other things with nervous, twitching whiskers, and long tapering tails. Fairy

godmother Eleanor Frances Lattimore tells us all about it, with her pen dipped in magic, in *The Seven Crowns*. After reading it I know that you will want to build a Danish rainbow bridge, across which you may hasten to greet Birget and Ib, and share in their adventures.

If your ears are real keen you may be hearing a strange quack-quacking and a dull klomp-klomping from the general direction of Holland. Well, the quack-quacking is that good little duck Kleintje's advance greeting to you; and the klomp-klomping noise is made by the pair of brand new klompen which Kees is wearing. Kleintje has waddled, and Kees has klomped far out along their rainbow bridge to show how eager they are to welcome you to their native land of Holland. They have a big secret, this pair; one which Kees could scarcely keep were it not for Kleintje's oft-repeated quack-quacking reminder. It is a most colorful secret, too, but if you would learn what it is all about, just use your rainbow bridge to Holland, that charming land of wooden shoes, canals and windmills; read the story of *Kees and Kleintje* as it is given to you in such attractive form, with artistic magic touch by fairy godmothers Marian King and Elizabeth Enright.

Would you like to know an Indian boy about twelve years old, one who lived in a house cut out of solid rock, high up in the side of a cliff? Would you like the thrill

of accompanying him on an eagle hunt; or, in the evening, listen with him to the vivid tales told by the men of the tribe? Did you know that the Hopi Indians caught the rattlesnakes used in the snake dance by tickling them with a bunch of feathers fastened to the end of a stick, until the snakes became soothed and drowsy? Would you like to see the inside of a Kiva, and learn some of the secrets of Indian magic? Would you like to try your skill at the Indian game *mudevuh*? Well, if you would, you will doubtless be glad to hear that rainbow bridges can reach over land as well as over water; and that, by going straight south you will find in *Komoki of the Cliffs* a friend who has come to life through the magic of fairy godmother Isis L. Harrington, with the help of many of her young friends whose skill in drawing pictures will make Komoki seem very real to you.

Will you, I wonder, know just where to anchor the other end of your rainbow bridge if I tell you that through the magic of Dorothy F. McConnell you may find *Friends in Nippon*? Well, I will give you a wee hint, but only a hint, mind you. Go out along the original *Rainbow Bridge* and at the other end ask of the first person you meet, "Where is the land called Nippon?" If the magic found in books is working, your friends will be not far off.



Book Chat



These Volumes on Our Bookshelf

are well worth your reading. We may later have fuller reviews of a few of them. **Africa:** *Education of a Primitive People*, by Albert D. Helser (Revell) contains a rich collection of the folk tales of Nigeria, and an even richer presentation of the "life-related" projects in education the author used in his mission school, which is of great value to any worker among a primitive people; it would be helpful to teachers in this country. Abundantly illustrated. *Unkulunkulu in Zululand*, by Andrew Burgess, is an account of the work of the Norwegian Lutheran Foreign Mission Board in America (which publishes it in Minneapolis), with brief accounts of customs and religions. Illustrated. **Biography:** *Charles W. Abel of Kwato*, by his son, Russell W. Abel (Revell) is the interesting and liberally illustrated story of an heroic and practical

pioneer among the cannibals of New Guinea. *Lu Tai-fu*, by Robert E. Speer is the life of Charles Lewis, M.D., a pioneer surgeon in China of the Presbyterian Board (which publishes the book). **India:** *Insights Into Modern Hinduism*, by Hervey DeWitt Griswold (Henry Holt) describes the religious genius of India and some of its sects, and sketches Swami Vivekanantha, Sadhu Sundar Singh, Pandita Ramabai, Rabindranath Tagore, Rama Krishna, and other leaders of religious thought. *The Unique Christ and the Mystic Gandhi*, by P. V. George, a Syrian Christian of India (Malabar Christian Office, Tiruvalla, Travancore, South India), contrasts the lives and teachings of these two. **Laymen:** *Lay Leadership in Protestant Churches*, by Leo Vaughn Barker (Association Press) is a careful, exhaustive study of the subject: its development; the degree of its responsibility; its range of skill; its training; its breadth of interests and use of resources; its understanding of individuals and

groups; its personal characteristics and experience. **Missions:** *Forty Missionary Stories*, by Margaret W. Eggleston (Harper) is warmly recommended to teachers of church schools and mission classes. The tales are written with vigor and charm; several deal with missions in America; a few have appeared in this magazine; some have come direct from active missionaries. *Deeds of Daring*, by Archer Wallace (Harper) will appeal to all boys, for it is full of the thrilling adventures, dangerous pioneering, narrow escapes, of heroes of mission work among the Red Indians, the head-hunters, the Eskimo, the South Sea savages and other primitive people. Illustrated. **Romance:** *Sally Jo*, by Zenobia Bird (Revell) is a well told love story with a heroine full of vitality, fun, and energy, who faces the problem of devoting her life to foreign missions. The characters are taken from real life, the book is brightly and entertainingly written and is full of humor and pathos. **Sermons:** *When the Sun Rises*, by George D. Owen (Revell) is a series of studies undertaken to dispel the doubts of modern hearers. They were preached to a tourist congregation that so appreciated the simple, earnest talks that it sponsored their publication. *You Can Master Life*, by James Gordon Gilkey (Macmillan), like its predecessors, discusses familiar personal problems, and points out the ways individuals can solve them. *Like a Trumpet*, by Charles E. Jefferson, *The Gods of Men*, by Oswald W. S. McCall, and *Taking a City*, by Douglas Horton, are sermons by three distinguished Congregationalists and are included in Harper's Monthly Pulpit Series. **Sunday Schools:** *Others Call It God*, by Jeannette E. Perkins (Harper), tells the story of third-grade children searching for information about life's beginnings. Teachers will find the book invaluable in their effort to harmonize for children the findings of science and the insight of philosophy.

Quite in a class by itself is *A Pilgrimage of Ideas*, or *The Reëducation of Sherwood Eddy* (Farrar and Rinehart) issued from the press after several of its chapters had appeared in this magazine. An autobiography of a mind, a book of travels, a book of missionary experience . . . !

We have also received from the Hope Publishing Company of Chicago their *Hymns of Praise* (combining Numbers 1 and 2) and their *Worship and Praise*. To those who, like us, believe in the place and mission of "Gospel Songs" as well as in the importance and power of the old Church hymns, these books seem to offer a valuable combination of hymns and songs and at comparatively low cost. Both are fully orchestrated.

Our 1934-1935 Combination Offer

Regular Subscription Price

The Missionary Herald at Home and Abroad	\$1.25
(Monthly)	
Advance (Weekly)	\$2.50
	\$3.75

Combination Offer

Both Together	\$3.00
---------------	--------

This offer terminates March 1, 1935

With the approaching new year we are again reminded of the clubbing offer extended to our readers in 1934, which was accepted by hundreds of subscribers. We extend the same rates and conditions again this year, for our main purpose is to work together for all the good causes in which Congregationalists and Christians are interested, and to extend more widely the reading of these excellent periodicals, and further, to save money and bother for the individual subscriber.

This offer is primarily intended for new subscribers, but renewals will be accepted in the combination.

Combination subscriptions may be sent through your church agent, or direct to:

THE MISSIONARY HERALD
14 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Kagawa's Latest Book

It is hard to review a work of genius. A writer so intimate that he tells you about his raincoat and rubbers, and a little later breaks out into passionate appeals to his beloved land, is no ordinary popular author. When Kagawa pleads with Japan to turn from her sin and yield to the pursuing Christ, one realizes that this is the work of a major prophet. Frank and honest in every sentence, he has produced a great piece of literature which must command the attention of Christian people everywhere, no matter what their attitude toward Japan, because the book is the volcanic expression of a great soul. "For six months, in the midst of a program which would drive most men to distraction," says his translator, "he somehow found time to mull over this production, and then, for ten terrific days and nights, with his whole personality aflame, he dictated it to his Japanese amanuensis."

Christ and Japan (translated by William Axling, Friendship Press, \$1.00. Paper, 60 cents) reminds one

of Isaiah and Jeremiah, with the addition of statistical and economic realism as modern as that of any scientist of the twentieth century. Kagawa is a patriot, even a nationalist, but he has been in prison for his criticisms of his country's government—and may be again. He is unsparing in his condemnation of Japan's weaknesses of character, and her ruthlessness in relations with China. He weeps over her as did Christ over Jerusalem. Will he have to say in the end, "And ye would not"?

Kagawa seems all through the book to be looking beyond his immediate Japanese audience, with a world consciousness that makes his own people and the civilized world a single assembly before whom he makes his earnest presentation of the case. And what is the case he presents? It is the case of Christ for Japan. "O Japan! Thou claimed of Christ! Only He can bring you to your resurrection hour!"

Japan's idealism, devotion, emotional self-discipline, faithfulness to the values of her spiritual heritage from China, unflagging and creative industry, which transforms and beautifies both her material and cultural inheritance, are set forth as a patriotic Japanese would do, but without any specious claims for a position of privilege in Asia. He pleads with Japan to yield to Christ in order that she may follow Christ in service, particularly for the Orient.

There is in the book bold and unhesitating criticisms of some Western attitudes toward the people of the East. Incisively Kagawa points out the facts of exploitation by so-called Christian nations, of the teaching of Westerners that science and religion are in conflict, of the imposition on the Orient of the capitalistic system, of the inoculation of the East with the Western frenzy for speculation, of the bewildering sectarian divisions of Christendom. He is quite clear about some social remedies for Japan, such as coöperatives, but his purpose is to insist on spiritual not material salvation; so he urges the "ever-increasing need for flaming evangelism."

GEORGE W. HINMAN

On Africa

The International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa was organized in 1929 and Miss Wrong has been its Executive Secretary from the beginning.

On a recent trip to Africa Miss Wrong has had an excellent opportunity to study first hand the need for Christian literature and the problem of producing and distributing it among the Bantu who are eager for books—for the Bible and books on Christianity, for

textbooks, for general and periodical literature. Miss Wrong has given to the pamphlet, *Africa and the Making of Books*, by Margaret Wrong (International Committee on Christian Literature for Africa, 419 Fourth Ave., New York, 20 cents) the sub-title "A Survey of Africa's Need of Literature." But it is not the usual type of survey given largely to statistical tables. It is intensely interesting reading, its points well made not through a dull statement of facts but through vivid, human-interest stories. The pamphlets should be widely read by all who are interested in the developing Christian Movement in Africa. It should be kept in mind also as a valuable source book two years hence when Africa is to be the field for study among all denominations.

M. E. E.

Recent Publications

American Board

What I Want to Know About the American Board.

A brief description of the work of the American Board. 8 pages.

American Missionary Association

Fifty Years at Pleasant Hill Academy. 4 pages.

Commission on Missions

1935—A Test of Courage. An enclosure leaflet advocating an Every Member Canvass. 4 pages.

Clip-Sheet—With Our Fellow Workers at Home and Abroad. Fresh material for use in sermons and addresses in connection with the financial appeal for 1935. 1 page.

Commission on Christian Stewardship

The Christian Acquisition and Use of Money. For use by Adult and Young People's Organizations in the Local Church, Local Associations, and Discussion groups. 8 pages. 10 cents.

Letter to Pastors and Lay Leaders of Our Churches. Suggestion for a special appeal on Sunday, November 18, 1934.

National Organization Chart of the Congregational and Christian Churches. 1 page.

Council for Social Action

A Crusade for Today. The Council for Social Action sets forth its plans and purposes. 6 pages.

Home Boards

Widening Horizons Confront the Home Boards of the Congregational and Christian Churches. New ways in which our churches meet new needs. 4 pages.

A CONDITIONAL GIFT

with the

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS
provides

INCOME THAT DOES NOT FLUCTUATE

A Conditional Gift contract with the American Board will assure you of a certain and steady income for the length of your life. The rate of income is the same as all our Congregational Societies and is based on your age.

PRINCIPAL THAT DOES NOT DEMAND WATCHING

YOU will have no fear of loss of principal or problem of change of investment or re-investment. The handling of the investments of our Conditional Gift Fund is in the hands of a careful and conservative Finance Committee.

AN INVESTMENT IN THE KINGDOM OF GOD

We believe that the greatest argument in favor of a Conditional Gift to the American Board is the joy and satisfaction that YOU will have in knowing that your gift will be used eventually in the work of the Kingdom in foreign lands. It is an investment in the work of permeating the world with the spirit of Christ through the 537 missionaries and 7,040 native workers of the Board.

If YOU are interested, write to:

HAROLD B. BELCHER, Treasurer

FREDERICK A. GASKINS, Attorney and Assistant Treasurer

S. EMMA KEITH, Assistant Treasurer

14 Beacon Street, Boston, Massachusetts



OLD COLONY TRUST COMPANY

17 COURT STREET, BOSTON

Complete Trust Service

Executor ★ Trustee

Agent ★ Guardian

Conservator

Affiliated with
The FIRST NATIONAL BANK of BOSTON

Walker Missionary Homes, Inc.

Established 1868

Incorporated 1929

for over fifty years has provided a home for missionary children, missionaries on furlough, and for retired missionaries of the American Board.

The increased number of retired missionaries who have given their lives in the service has made necessary an increase in facilities for their care.

Through a providential legacy and several generous gifts, we are enlarging the Walker Cottage to provide accommodations for eight additional persons.

Furnishings for these new rooms are urgently needed. We ask the friends of these missionaries to share in the expense of furnishing and making comfortable these new accommodations. Sixteen hundred dollars is needed. If you desire to provide the cost of a room or some specific article, write Mrs. James L. Barton, Chairman of the Board of Managers, Longwood Towers, Brookline, Mass.

Check should be made payable to
WALKER MISSIONARY HOMES, Inc.

and sent to

Harold B. Belcher, Treasurer

14 Beacon Street, Boston

➤ This, That and the Other ➤

Christian Colleges of India

The Marquis of Lothian said in part at a recent luncheon at the Hotel Gramercy, New York: "When I read the Lindsay Commission Report and still more when I studied the positions which had been occupied by the graduates of the India Christian colleges in India today, I said to myself, these rejuvenated colleges may be the one saving factor in the situation (i.e. of internal disunity). . . . The standing of the Christian colleges is high among the Hindus. There is something about the Christian spirit which they want and which they do not find in the government institutions.

"The central characteristic of modern education in India, as elsewhere, is that it breaks down the ancient religious loyalties and the ancient moral and social customs. Large numbers of the younger generation are drifting, without any moral foundation for their lives. One of the main reasons why these Hindu and Moslem parents send their children to Christian colleges is because they feel that some moral foundation is given them that they do not get elsewhere.

"The Lindsay Commission Report gives a new and inspiring picture of the function of missionary education in India. It seeks to bring the students into much greater and closer touch with the real life of India, especially village life. It sets out to strengthen not only the technical equipment but the religious and Christian spirit in the colleges themselves. I therefore humbly bespeak your interest and support for the Indian Christian colleges as being a work not only for India, important as it is, but even more for the whole of humanity in the present day."

Under Their Own Steam Now

Czechoslovakia churches cease this year to receive any financial aid from the American Board and thus a connection of sixty-two years has been finally severed.

The Czechoslovakia Mission was closed in 1932 and in the *MISSIONARY HERALD* for September of that year was an article by Secretary Alden Hyde Clark concerning that event and telling of the churches' Jubilee celebration in May—an anniversary that coincided with Dr. John Porter's seventieth birthday. Dr. Porter is still living in that country as he has done since he joined what was then the Austrian Mission in 1891.

Dr. James L. Barton writes that it was his "privilege to visit a large number of the churches in Austria in 1909 in company with Dr. Porter. His cordial and sympathetic relations with the pastors and leaders was evident everywhere. He was manifestly honored and loved by all who knew him; had the happy faculty of giving able and constructive assistance to the evangelical movement without seeming to dominate. The leaders throughout the entire field joined in urging him, when his active service came to an end, to remain with them as long as he lives."

So to the courageous churches of Czechoslovakia the American Board bids "Bon Voyage."

Conference on Cause and Cure of War

The Tenth Anniversary Conference will be held January 22-25, 1935, in Washington, D. C. The general theme will be "The Price of Peace." One day will be devoted to the new forms of conflict and the danger spots in the world;

another to the present status of peace machinery and the steps toward peace which should be taken by the United States. The four evenings will provide a banquet, a session devoted to the investigation of the arms industry, another to the Department of State, and a closing evening of encouragement and hope. It is hoped by the interdenominational bodies of the women's mission boards, societies, and committees that church groups will send large delegations.

A New Negro Lecture

"Negroes Training Negroes" is the title of the new stereopticon lecture prepared by Fred L. Brownlee, executive secretary of the Department of Missions of the American Missionary Association, which will be available for the use of the churches on December 1st.

This lecture deals with three of the schools of the American Missionary Association which are manned and managed wholly by Negroes—Cotton Valley School, Ft. Davis, Alabama, Avery Institute, Charleston, S. C., and Lincoln Academy at Kings Mountain, N. C. Instead of the lecture being a commentary on the pictures, the pictures serve as illustrations for a lecture which would hold one's interest without them. Most of the pictures are from recent photographs. Enough material is given on each of the schools to afford a good understanding of its surroundings.

The lecture may be secured from the depositories of the Commission on Missions at 14 Beacon St., Boston, 287 Fourth Avenue, New York, and 19 So La Salle St., Chicago.

Social Action Moves

On December 1 Hubert Herring and his colleagues of the old Department of Social Relations and the about-to-be-launched Council for Social Action moved from their former location at 112 East 19th St., New York City, to 287 Fourth Avenue, thus taking up their abode in the same building with our other organizations having offices in New York and also with the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. They will occupy rooms 915 to 920 and also one pent house. These quarters were formerly used by the Publicity Department, the Laymen's Advisory Committee, and the old *American Missionary* magazine. Mr. Herring will have for his immediate neighbors the Commission on Missions, the General Council, the New York Conference and the Board of Ministerial Relief.

Munson and Lyman Service in Sumatra

The Rhenish missionaries in Sumatra, under the leadership of their Superintendent, Rev. P. Landgrebe, held a very impressive memorial service on the centenary of the deaths of Samuel Munson and Henry Lyman, missionaries of the American Board. About a thousand people gathered about the monument which marks the place where those brethren gave their lives. [See page 396 in the September HERALD.] The Resident (Governor) from Sibolga, representing the Dutch Government, gave expression to a fine appreciation of the influence of Christian missions. Messages were given by a member of the executive committee of the Batak Christian Church, by representatives of the Rhenish (German) missionary group, and a representative of one of the Dutch mission societies, while Bishop Edwin F. Lee of the Metho-

dist Episcopal Church, Singapore was invited to give an address as the representative of the American missionary group.

"Please accept through me," adds Bishop Lee in writing to the American Board, "the greetings and good wishes of the Sumatra missionaries and of members of the Batak Church, including greetings sent by seven men who are descendants of the village groups responsible for the tragic occurrence of a hundred years ago. They especially asked me to convey their Christian greetings to you. Brothers Munson and Lyman certainly did not give their lives in vain. The American Board can write their names on the roll of your most courageous and most effective missionaries."

His Works Do Follow Him

In the first days after Dr. James Ingram's death, reporters calling on the missionaries, asked many questions about his good deeds. One wanted to know specially about his home life and of personal incidents of helpfulness that he could publish, as a good example to his readers. Much was told this reporter and it all came out next day in a widely read Chinese newspaper, and was read by Chinese of all kinds, most of them people having no connection with church or foreigners. Hardly ever in Peiping has such regard and appreciation for a foreigner been so widely expressed as in that and other newspapers. The whole city seemed to be thinking of this life of such genuine kindness and goodness, feeling it an example of a life lived in a true Christian way. Thus writes Miss Bertha P. Reed.

Sunday-school Teachers in Japan

One of the encouraging things about a Sunday-school teachers'

training conference held on the Sendai Camp site was the caliber of those who attended, business men, earnest young men and women. Enthusiasm was general and pronounced. And it opened the way for an effort to stimulate and develop religious education in the churches of the district during the coming years.

Talladega Grows

This year the enrollment of Talladega College has increased from 211 to 279. Of the freshman class of 129 some thirty were the valedictorians of their high school classes. In some instances it had been necessary to ask faculty members to vacate their quarters so as to make room for students.

A New Parish in Montana

Some years ago we received the church at Alzada, Montana, as a result of an ecclesiastical exchange with the Methodists. This is an exceedingly isolated sheep town near where the boundaries of Montana, Wyoming and North Dakota come together. The church has been kept alive by an active woman's organization, a succession of summer students, and an occasional visit from Max Webster, pastor of the Powder River Larger Parish. This summer groups from Albion, Ridgeway and Alzada organized the Alzada Larger Parish, which covers 1400 square miles and in which there is no religious competition except from the "ecstatic sects." John K. Strong, this season's student pastor, has been called to serve this large area during the coming year. Thus is one more blank spot on the religious map of the nation filled in in an effective fashion.

Public Health Work, Taiku, China

has been slowly built up the past few years and the last year has been the best yet. Miss Helen Dizney, R.N., besides serving as a full-time nurse, had a class of three student nurses studying Public Health and doing good work in the nearby schools. This year a room was opened in the city to be used for demonstrations, lectures, and poster displays, with a half-time nurse in charge, and in September a Well Baby Clinic was started there.

So-Called Communism in China

"What is called the communist question is in reality, in most parts of the country, either a land question or a question of banditry provoked by lack of employment. It appears to be true, nevertheless, that in China, as elsewhere, an elemental revolt against intolerable injustices has been organized and given a doctrinal edge by political missionaries, and that certain regions, such as parts of Fukien, Kiangsi, and Hunan—the last two areas with an abnormally high percentage of tenants and acute agrarian discontent—form enclaves of revolution, where such government as exists is conducted by communists. The revolution of 1911 was a bourgeois affair. The revolution of the peasants has still to come. If their rulers continue to exploit them, or to permit them to be exploited as remorselessly as hitherto, it is likely to be unpleasant.

"The indirect effects of the chaos are as disastrous as the direct. Expenditure on war absorbs resources which should be spent on elementary improvements, such as roads and primary education. Trade is paralyzed, and such communications as exist are turned by the soldiers who seize them from a blessing into a curse. Capital flies from the rural

districts, where it is urgently needed, to be buried in the Concessions. Population flies with it; here and there whole villages are on the move, like animals breaking from cover as the beaters advance." R. H. Tawney in *Land and Labor in China*.

The Chaplain's Job in a CCC Discharge and Replacement Camp

One of the little known services of the Church Extension Boards is the giving of a small grant of money to every army and navy chaplain having his ministerial standing in our denomination to be used for incidental services to the enlisted men in his care. Chaplain Earl D. Wood has been stationed at the CCC Concentration (discharge and replacement) camp at Fort Knox, Kentucky. He lists his duties as follows: Post activities; Sunday School, Church (including arrangements for Catholic services), Post librarian, in charge of service club, Post public relations officer, boy scouts, girl scouts, choir, etc.; as Concentration Camp chaplain with two assistant chaplains directed four service clubs which provided recreation and entertainment for 18,000 men; also serves as chaplain for the West Kentucky District of CCC Labor camps, of which there are six.

Steamboat Missionaries

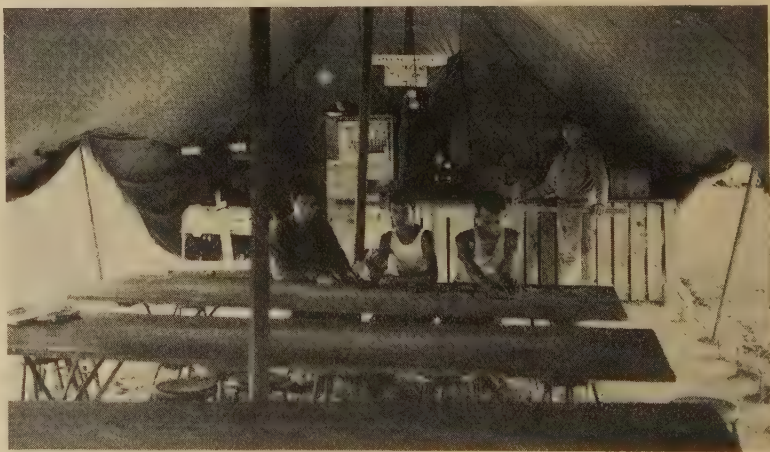
Dr. Stanley Jones gave a series of addresses for six days in Ahmednagar, India. He says "Some people are like sailboats—dependent on the winds that blow. Some are like steamboats—they can go ahead where and when they want to. The power of God makes them like that."

One of our missionaries, writes Miss Lucille Day, went for her vacation to Dr. Jones' *Ashram*, dressed in an Indian *sari*, sat on the floor to eat, and did her share of the work—mostly kitchen work for her.

The New Life Movement, China

was started last March by General Chiang Kai Shek, with the purpose of "giving China a new soul" by reviving some of the ancient virtues: discipline, self-control, mutual service, and self-respect. His influence is very strong, and the movement has been widely received, writes Professor Roderick Scott of Fookien Christian University, Foochow. The official spokesman for the movement, addressing the students, opened his remarks with the utmost humility.

"I, a soldier, have no business to be standing here on the platform, attempting to instruct professors and students. Besides, you do not need



CCC SERVICE CLUB TENT: DISCHARGE AND REPLACEMENT CAMP, FORT KNOX, KENTUCKY

to study or follow this new movement, from what I have seen on the campus; it is evidently not new to you. You have it already!"

Utterly gone is the arrogance of the Kuomintang; the government is getting down to business; it is represented now by mature men—the "young men" of China, now happily growing up, and thus becoming more sensible.

Many of the wide-awake alumni of Fukien University are at work in Amoy and Mr. Scott made a trip to Amoy last spring, saw fifty alumni, visited all the schools that are feeders to Fukien and made seventeen speeches.

A New Bogobo School in the Philippines

After futile attempts to get the government to open a school in the *barrio* of Idong which is on the north side of the ridge of mountain, on the south side of which is located the Melilla School of the Mission, representatives of the *barrio* came to **Rev. Walter C. Tong** of Davao and asked him to open a school. He told them he could not unless the people were willing to pay monthly fees. They paid enough in fees the first month to provide three-fourths of the teacher's salary, obtained a building for a schoolhouse, and built benches in it. They invited their "brother Bogobos" from Melilla School on the other side of the mountain to come there and sing and take part in the program of inauguration.

The comparison between the two sets of young people made the expenditure of money for twenty-four years in Melilla seem very worth while. The Melilla girls had poise and polish and the boys were a fine lot [Bogobos are members of a pagan tribe].

While Mr. Tong was awaiting the "feed" in the home of a Chi-

nese merchant, the *barrio* lieutenant came and wanted to talk to him. Mr. Tong fully expected a plea for the reduction of the fees. Instead, he was asked if he or Rev. Crispin Faune would visit the *barrio* twice a month on Sunday to help them with a Sunday-school for the people. This ignorant Bogobo, in a large way, had made the Idong school possible; he had urged the people to make sacrifices and pay the fees in order that the children might have an opportunity to learn. And now he wanted a Christian Sunday-school! Mr. Tong was much heartened.

Tools for Religious Education

In the South we have a parish of four rural churches whose pastor is sincerely desirous of leading into newer methods of religious education. One of the obstacles in his path is the dire poverty of his people. Another is the fact that his church buildings are merely magnified dry goods boxes designed solely for preaching. He wonders if there is not some more favored church which would be able to supply him with such tools as blackboards, maps, mission study books and other equipment for religious education. The reward of generosity will be personal contact with one of our most interesting home missionary projects. If you are interested, write to Mrs. Mary D. White, 287 Fourth Ave., New York City, for further particulars.

He Got His Watch!

Little Andy, son of Dr. and Mrs. Walter F. Hume of Wai, India, continually begged his mother for a watch until he was forbidden to mention it again. He promised not to, but the next morning when each of the children was saying a Bible verse in turn, Andy quoted, "What I say unto you I say unto all, WATCH."

Miss Michi Kawai

author of this year's mission study book, *Japanese Women Speak*, which covers the development, and women's part in it, of her native country for the past seventy-five years, is in this country to speak at a series of missionary conferences. She is here at the invitation and under the auspices of the Committee on Women's Work of the Foreign Missions Conference of North America, and the Central Committee on the United Study of Foreign Missions. She has spent years in social service and educational work and as General Secretary of the Japanese National Y.W.C.A., from which position she resigned to establish her own school where daughters of the first families of Japan should meet girls from the rural districts on the same social plane, and where all should be trained for practical life.

Girls Patch Roads for Play

Instead of having afternoon sports at the student Conference **Miss Laura Cross** of Bridgman Academy, Peiping, China writes: "Those who attended patched up the roads on the sides of the hills so that the going would be better. They got quite a lot out of doing something for the community, and took a personal interest in keeping up the grounds where all the meetings are held, as these have been rented by the Y.M.C.A. for a hundred years.

"One night they put on a big program for the people from the surrounding villages; they feel that if they are going to talk rural reconstruction every time they get together like this, they must do something to show their interest in a tangible way. They are no longer satisfied with high phrases but must see some real chance of putting their ideas into use."

Wind-blown Comity

When the Methodist church at Reeves, Louisiana, was partially wrecked by a windstorm the Methodist members in the community went to the Conference and asked that the building be given to the Congregational Church. As there seemed no hope of reorganizing the old Methodist church this was gladly done. The old lumber was then used to erect a house of worship by the side of our parsonage. This leaves the Kinder-Reeves field of approximately 500 square miles with no organized churches or building except those of our fellowship.

Personals

Rev. Harry S. Martin of Tunghsien, China, is the coming man. We beg his pardon for having, with just two words in our November issue, nipped his needed furlough in the bud.

Miss Alice Gwinn, formerly of the Japan Mission, is working with the Kumiai Church in Seattle. It is furnishing her with a two-room apartment in the Japanese section of the city as its contribution to the work.

Mr. Arthur G. Robinson, who has been doing work for students in Tientsin, China, under the American Board, has taken over the Hsiku Women's Industry, in which Mrs. Robinson has been active, on a business basis. This work which has enabled sixty to a hundred poor women in small villages to earn a living, was about to close because of the reduction of the foreign staff in Tientsin. Chinese friends made a generous offer of financial backing, taking all the risk, and a downtown shop—in the new Y.W.C.A. build-

ing—was opened to sell and ship not only Hsiku goods but those of other mission industries in all parts of China.

Rev. Peter S. Goertz, member of the Foochow Mission of the American Board 1918-1927, and now teaching in Bethel College, Newton, Kansas, has sent the Board a copy of the thesis he submitted for his Ph.D. degree from Yale which he received last year. He had spent the preceding year as a Sterling Fellow at the university and the work was done under the supervision of Dr. Kenneth S. Latourette and comprises 420 typewritten pages. It is *A History of the Development of the Chinese Indigenous Church Under the American Board in Fukien Province*, a notable and valuable piece of work.

Oliver Haskell, son of Rev. and Mrs. Edward B. Haskell, who have just come home to America from Pordim, Bulgaria, is taking the editorship of an English newspaper in Athens.

Henry Chester Tracy, librettist of John Seymour's opera, *In the Pasha's Garden*, was born in Marsovan, Turkey, son of Dr. and Mrs. C. C. Tracy, missionaries of the American Board. The information comes to us via the mimeographed *News Notes* of Rev. Charles T. Riggs in Istanbul.

Rev. C. Burnell Olds of Okayama, Japan, was Chairman of the Federated Missions Conference in Karuizawa the last of July, and also preached the annual sermon. Mrs. Olds read there a paper on the problems of young married people. She had been on a trip to the West Coast, making addresses before many schools for boys and girls.

Rev. Harold S. Matthews, in his new work at Fenchow, China is general supervisor of 47 churches and 56 evangelists. He plans policies with the four district supervisors, in addition to short trips to nearby preaching places, and will tour the churches at a distance for ten or twelve weeks a year. He is also Central Treasurer; prepares reports, sermons, etc. and is preparing historical material in anticipation of the 75th Anniversary of the American Board in North China.

In Memoriam

Mrs. Samuel E. Hurlbut

"She had a rare combination of spirituality, enthusiasm, and practical judgment," writes Mrs. James H. Moore, who was her colleague when in 1893 she herself became Secretary of Young People's Work in the Chicago area, Mrs. Hurlbut being Chairman of the Department. "What a woman of prayer she was! In that self-forgetful talking to God with thankfulness and utmost faith and hope, even in the dark days of impending debt, how she brought us to the very throne of grace! We have sorely missed her in these later years, and we shall always miss her. But her impress is indelible."

Mary Jane Walker was born February 9, 1848, in Milton, Wisconsin, whither her grandfather had come from Vermont. Her maternal grandfather, Joseph Bell, was governor of Vermont. An uncle, Rev. William Walker, was an American Board missionary to West Africa in the Gaboon Mission, later turned over to the Presbyterian Board.

Mary Walker was a beloved teacher for many years, her latest school being in Oak Park, Illinois, where she met and married Samuel E. Hurlbut in 1891 and moved to Evanston. Her husband died ten years later. She became treasurer of the Woman's Board of Missions of the Interior that same year, went around the world to visit the missions of the Board in 1909 and resigned in 1925.

Forty Years in Bulgaria

Mrs. George Daniel Marsh, and even years in Turkey as Ursula Clarke, meant a long life of missionary service and thrilling adventure ahead of the twenty-three-year-old girl who left her country-parsonage home in Massachusetts and the school she had taught for four years after her graduation from Mount Holyoke to go out in 1868 as an appointee of the American Board.

Six years of teaching in Manissa and Brousa, Turkey, then a visit to her brother, Rev. James F. Clarke in Bulgaria—and the current of her life was changed. She was married in 1875 and lived for two years in Eski-Zaghra, which was burned to the ground in the Russo-Turkish War.

She and her husband escaped with their two babies and with very little in the way of personal belongings. Such "alarums and excursions" punctuated her whole missionary life, for in 1885 Eastern Roumelia, the province in which they lived, revolted and joined

North Bulgaria, the Turkish army was mobilized on its eastern border, and Bulgaria rushed an army there—whereupon Servia declared war on the western frontier. In 1903 an uprising in Macedonia and the province of Adrianople was sternly repressed by the Turks, two hundred villages burned, about five thousand villagers slain. Nine years later came the war against Turkey by Greece, Bulgaria, Servia, Montenegro, which resulted in their freedom from Turkish rule. Before this was over Mr. Marsh died and Mrs. Marsh came to America before Bulgaria entered the World War. In all these conflicts husband and wife had been most active in relief work among the survivors and work among the thousands of soldiers quartered in their city, Philopolis.

This, in addition to their regular work. Mr Marsh constantly toured the churches, except when he stopped to build the Evangelical Church, and Mrs. Marsh reared and educated their four

children, kept open house for missionaries, pastors, teachers, students, colporteurs, visited the sick and the poor, and did much Sunday School and temperance work.

For nineteen years she has lived with her daughter Anna in Claremont, California, working in the church, often speaking on the subject of missionary work in Bulgaria, and carrying on a large correspondence with friends and other workers there, showing her unflinching devotion to the welfare of the people she had labored among so long. Until the end came, at the age of eighty-nine, on August twentieth.

Miss Ellen M. Howland

On the twelfth of September there passed away one of those rare souls who throughout her life expressed the highest ideal of the American Missionary Association.

Miss Ellen Howland was born in Warner, New Hampshire, of Mayflower stock. She was a worthy member of

THE LONDON TIMES says: "First as a missionary teacher, then as a companion to the martyred Chalmers, then as director of the mission station Abel spent forty years in transforming cannibals into Christians."

CHARLES W. ABEL of KWATO

By RUSSELL W. ABEL

THE RELIGIOUS BOOK CLUB BULLETIN says: "The story of thrilling life in a little-known corner of the world. Abel was known in the United States as well as in England. His life, strangely and tragically enough, was terminated by a motor accident, in quiet England, but the story of his astonishing and peculiarly successful career will travel the roads of the world for years to come." Illustrated, \$2.00

EDUCATION OF PRIMITIVE PEOPLE

By ALBERT D. HELSER

A revelation of what education among a primitive people essentially is. Becoming one of the community, sharing the life of the people, respecting their traditions and their ways of working, the author helps them to help themselves. Anyone interested in getting a glimpse of African mission-work today will be delighted with this book. Introduction by Prof. Mabel Carney. \$3.00

A JAPANESE GRANDMOTHER

By EMMA G. LIPPARD

The author of this attractive and informative little volume is the wife of Dr. C. K. Lippard, who, for more than thirty-three years, has labored as a foreign missionary in Japan. Mrs. Lippard portrays everyday existence as it obtains among upper middle-class people in the Island Empire.

Illustrated Boards, 75c

BACK OF THE MOUNTAIN

By MARY BREWSTER HOLLISTER

The author of "Mai-Dee of the Mountains" has given us another engrossing and informative story of child-life in China and the effect of missionary influence upon it. A book of real value and genuine interest for missionary gatherings, reading circles and affiliated spheres. \$1.25

Third Edition Ready

NEW BIBLE EVIDENCE

by SIR CHARLES MARSTON, F.S.A.

From the 1925-1933 Excavations

"Christians everywhere ought to read Sir Charles Marston's book. It is a deep mine of rich lore . . . contains many facts which corroborate the truth of the Bible, and confute the vagaries and inventions of unbelief, which should be widely known."—S. S. Times. Illustrated, \$2.00

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY 158 Fifth Ave., New York
AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

a family that has distinguished itself in many ways—on the mission field, in the schoolroom, in the pulpit and press. Her brother, W. B. Howland, was for many years publisher of *The Outlook* and her sister, Abbie B. Howland, was at one time the efficient principal of Allen Normal School, Thomasville, Georgia.

It was at Allen Normal that Miss Ellen realized her greatest opportunity. As the school grew under the wise and careful guidance of her sister, new departments were added and it was Miss Ellen's privilege to found the department of Manual Training. Through generous gifts from her family and friends a shop was erected and well equipped. Here for many years the boys received careful training. But it was not only to develop their manual ability that she labored. Many lessons in manners and morals were given too and the shop was the center of all their activities. Many boys look back to the literary meetings and the social evenings at the shop as the happiest times of their lives. Miss Ellen was always at their service.

Since her retirement she has lived in Dunkirk, New York, with a friend, and here, after a year of illness, she passed away.

Annie M. Chapin

"I do not know what word I would use if I were trying to sum up Miss Chapin in one word. I fancy it would have to be the word 'Serviceableness.' She did serve her generation, that is, her family, her friends, her church, her community. She served her generation in the place where in the providence of God she was put down. There she took hold of the task put to her hands. Her hands carried parcels that had in them some expression of good cheer; her feet ran errands for anyone who needed that kind of service, her eyes were always watchful for the next opportunity, and her mind was ready to seize that opportunity as it presented itself." Such was part of the tribute of Dr. Thomas Simms of the First Congregational Church in Melrose, Massachusetts, at the funeral of Miss Annie M.

Chapin. She had in the past been for some years assistant to the clerk of the Prudential Committee of the American Board as her father, Deacon Calvin Chapin, had been before her.

Elizabeth Sisson

whose passing, at the age of ninety-one in her New London home was recorded in the last *HERALD*, was a missionary of the Woman's Board of Missions for about seven years, and each volume of *Life and Light* during that period contains a long and vivid account from her pen of her visits to Hindu homes, her interviews with zenana women and also with the young men of her Bible classes. Her special task was evangelistic work in Madura, and when she left India she engaged in evangelistic work in this country and was one of the original organizers of the Christian and Missionary Alliance.

It is said that the Otis legacy of a million to the American Board in 1879 was largely due to her influence with her fellow-townsmen, Asa Otis, and her letters to him during the famine years in India.

Her sister Charlotte, also a missionary to India, survives her, and a nephew, Associate Secretary Oliver H. Sisson of the American Baptist Foreign Mission Society.

The Chronicle

FURLOUGHS AUTHORIZED

October 9. Mrs. Richard B. Hack of the East Africa Mission, beginning in June 1935.

October 9. Dr. and Mrs. Aaron M. McMillan of the West Central Africa Mission, beginning in May 1935; Rev. and Mrs. Richard S. Webb of the West Central Africa Mission beginning in 1935.

October 9. Miss Agnes M. Baird, Rev. and Mrs. Everett C. Blake, Miss Jeannie L. Jillson of the Near East Mission, beginning in the summer of 1935.

LETTER SERVICE
ADDRESSING MAILING
Boston Mailing Company
394 Atlantic Ave. Boston, Mass.

GIVE
The World Friendship
Stamp Album
TO
YOUR BOY OR GIRL
FOR CHRISTMAS

ORDER NOW FROM
HARVEY L. MEEKEN
14 BEACON STREET
BOSTON, MASS.
Price, \$1.00

Everything in Music

If you have difficulty in finding it, write us
Charles W. Homeyer & Co.
Inc.
498 Boylston Street
Boston

October 9. Rev. and Mrs. Ray F. Phillips of the South Africa Mission beginning in April 1935.

* * *

SAILED FOR THE FIELD

October 11. From New Orleans Herbert C. Brokenshire, M.D., returning to the Philippines Mission.

November 3. From New York Miss Lillian Picken, returning to the Marathi Mission.

* * *

ARRIVALS ON THE FIELD

August 25. At Kobe, Japan, Mrs. Catherine T. Akana, returning to the Japan Mission.

THE AMERICAN BOARD

*will help you plan
your trip abroad*

Each booking made by our Travel
Department aids the Board

For further information write to
**AMERICAN BOARD TRAVEL
DEPARTMENT**
14 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.



GOWNS CLERGY and CHOIR

Cassocks, Surplices, Caps
Pulpit Hangings, Bookmarkers
Junior Choir Vestments



COX SONS & VINING, INC.
131-133 East 23rd Street, New York

Stone & Downer Co.

CUSTOM HOUSE BROKERS

148 State Street, Boston



BECKLER PRESS Inc.

HOOVER PRINTING CO.

High **PRINTING** Grade

470 ATLANTIC AVENUE
BOSTON

Hen. 9476

CHARLES H. DeRUSHA

Printer

LIBerty 8180

Booklet, Catalogue and Job Printing
470 Atlantic Ave., Boston, Mass.

August 31. At Foochow, China,
Miss Bertha H. Allen, returning to the
Foochow Mission.

September 00. At Tunghsien, Chi-
na, Rev. and Mrs. James A. Hunter,
returning to the North China Mission.

September 00. At Foochow, China,
Rev. and Mrs. Arthur O. Rinden, re-
turning to the Foochow Mission.

September 4. At Tehchow, China,
Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Hausske, re-
turning to the North China Mission.

* * *

ARRIVAL FROM THE FIELD

October 16. In San Francisco, Dr.
Alma L. Cooke of Lintsing, North
China.

* * *

MARRIAGES

August 29. At Douglas, Wyoming,
Rev. Robert M. Kennan, pastor at
Walsenburg, Colorado, and Violet Judy,
daughter of Rev. Clayton Judy of
Douglas, Wyoming.

September 19. In Denver, Colo-
rado, Miss Leslie Anne Martin of
Shaker Heights, Ohio and Rev. Frank
Thorley Johnson, of the Third Church
of Denver.

October 30. At Fletcher, North
Carolina, Mr. Francis S. Wilder, for-
merly of the Marathi Mission, India,
and Miss Margaret A. Kinzey.

* * *

BIRTH

October 15. At Woburn, Massa-
chusetts, a son, Kenneth Parker, to Mr.
and Mrs. Charles A. Butts. Mr. Butts
is Associate Editor of the Congrega-
tional Publishing Society.



ALEPPO COLLEGE

*To those who know its His-
tory this College symbolizes*

**A 'YOUNGER' CHURCH
SPIRITUAL PURPOSE
NATIVE LEADERS OF
THOROUGH TRAINING**

Ask for "HOW I CAN HELP."

•

156 5th Avenue, New York City
14 Beacon Street, Boston
Post Box 287, Aleppo

American Engraving Co.

**ENGRAVING
DESIGNING and
COLOR PLATES**

94 Arch St.—13 Otis St.
LIB erty 4640—4641



INVESTMENT SECURITIES

GRAHAM, PARSONS & Co.

PHILADELPHIA
1422 WALNUT STREET

BOSTON
10 POST OFFICE SQUARE

NEW YORK
48 WALL STREET

New England Home for Little Wanderers

An open door for any New England child who needs our help. Excellent medical and foster-home service. Study Home clinic for personality problems.

Since 1865 dependent upon contributions. Will **you** not help one of our 600 children by your gift **now**!



Arthur S. Johnson, President
Cheney C. Jones, Superintendent
Samuel D. Parker, Treasurer
161 South Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Please mention

**THE MISSIONARY HERALD
AT HOME AND ABROAD**

when writing to advertisers

DEATHS

October 17. In Evanston, Illinois, Mrs. Mary J. Hurlbut, Treasurer of the W. B. M. I. 1901-1925.

October 31. In Montclair, New Jersey, Mrs. William S. Dodd (Mary Carter), missionary of the American Board in Turkey 1886-1909.

November 2. In Herrnhut, Germany, Mrs. Albert W. (Ruth E.) Clark, missionary of the American Board in Prague 1884-1918.

November 11. At Bridgeport, Connecticut, Henry Winslow Hincks, for seven years a director of the Home Boards and a member of the Administrative Committees of the American Missionary Association and the Board of Ministerial Relief.

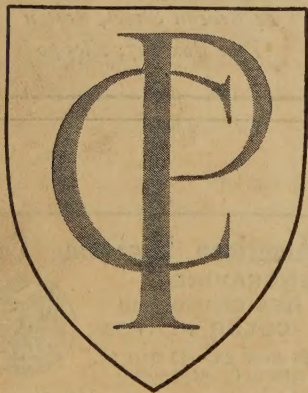
Chicago Theological Seminary



A graduate school, training men and women for the ministry and other forms of religious and social work. Located at the heart of America's greatest laboratory for urban and rural research.

Affiliated with the University of Chicago. Flexible mode curriculum. Opportunities for field work and self-help for qualified students. Further information on request.

ALBERT W. PALMER
President
5757 University Avenue
Chicago



Established 1882

The Commonwealth Press

Printers Building
44 Portland Street
Worcester

Constant and Dependable Printing Service

DISCRIMINATING PUBLISHERS SPECIFY
AND
WISE PRINTERS USE

"PAPERS OF OLD-FASHIONED QUALITY"

MADE AND DISTRIBUTED BY

TILESTON AND HOLLINGSWORTH CO.

"Papermakers for More Than One Hundred and Thirty Years"

MILLS AND OFFICE

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS



